

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 965



MAY 26, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

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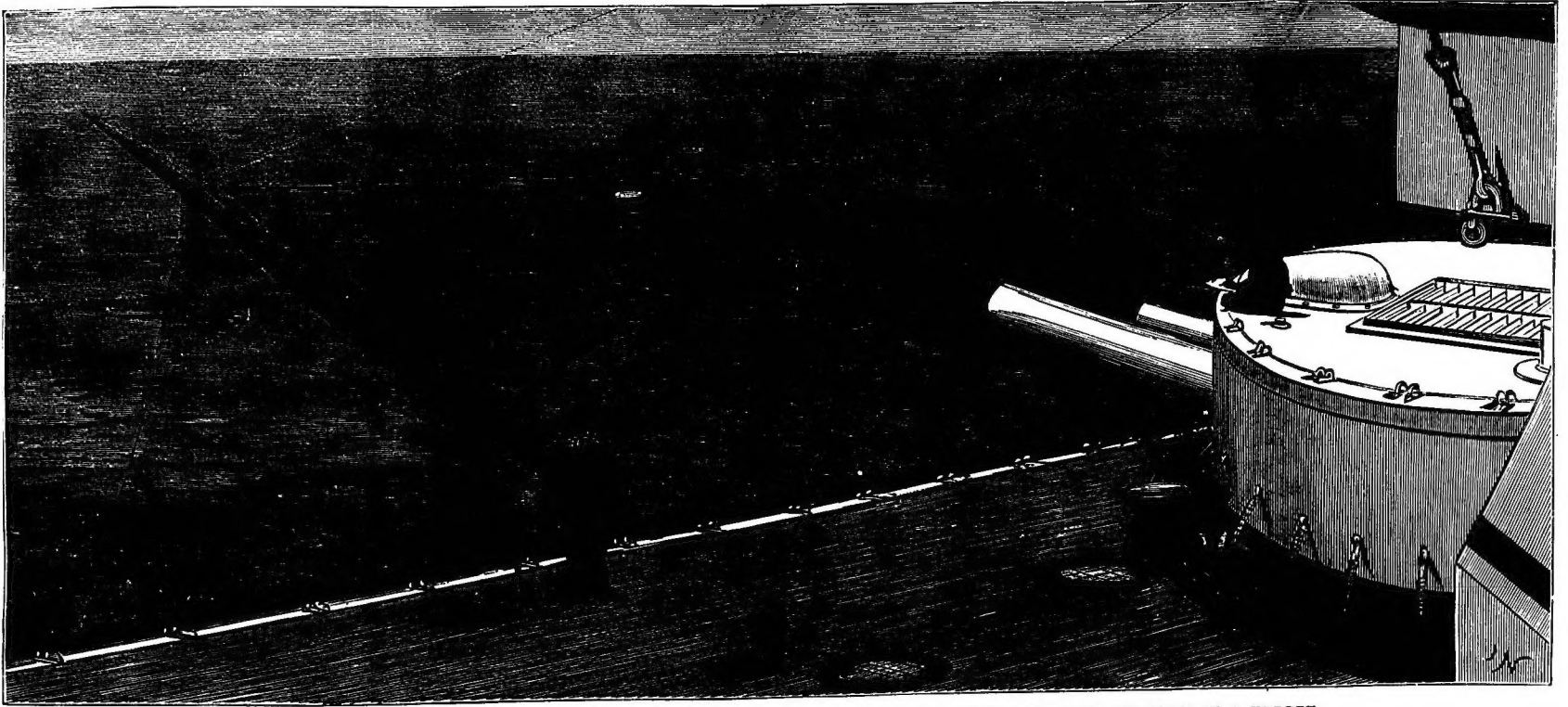
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GIANT BOUQUET OF ROSES PRESENTED TO THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE



THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE IN THE NAVY: THE SHIP'S BARBER'S SHOP



MINIATURE WARFARE: FIRING MORRIS-TUBE AMMUNITION FROM A 45-TON BREECH-LOADING GUN MOUNTED IN A TURRET



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRACTISING IN THE SHOOTING GALLERY

LIFE ON H.M.S. "EDINBURGH" AT MALTA

Topics of the Week

LIBERAL UNIONIST REMEDIES FOR IRELAND.—The scheme put forth in the *Birmingham Daily Post* of Tuesday is evidently intended as a *ballon d'essai*, and is purposely issued during the Recess in order that members of Parliament may have leisure to reflect upon it before they recommence business at Westminster. Whether the scheme is proposed with Mr. Chamberlain's concurrence is not at present known, but it certainly expresses ideas which coincide with the drift of many of his public addresses before Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill split the Liberal party into two sections. Nor is it necessary to suppose that such a scheme would be regarded with hostility by the Government and their Conservative followers. It may suit unscrupulous partisan politicians to represent that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have no other policy for Ireland except a coercive policy. On the contrary, they have always stated that, as soon as law and order have been restored in Ireland, and when England, which has fallen into complete legislative abeyance for some Sessions past, has had her wants attended to, all possible local freedom, consistent with the safety of the loyalist minority, shall be granted to the people of Ireland. We will not here attempt to discuss the Birmingham scheme. It is a big scheme. It proposes to spend a large amount of John Bull's money in public works, and in buying up the railways. But the part of the programme which will attract most attention will be the Provincial Councils. Some people may say, and not without reason, Why not, instead of several petty Parliaments, have one Home Rule Parliament on Stephen's Green, which at all events will fire the Hibernian imagination, and thereby afford considerable satisfaction?

BANK HOLIDAYS.—Superior persons often express doubts whether, after all, Bank Holidays are of much real service to the mass of the people. The holiday-makers themselves have no such doubts. To those who like quiet and solitude it may seem impossible that any one should enjoy being with a vast crowd; but ordinary members of the working class, and of what is called the lower middle class, have an exactly opposite feeling. To them the man who prefers to be alone on a holiday, or to be accompanied only by his family, seems an unsocial and unhappy sort of person. They delight in the stir and excitement of a multitude, and their "nerves" are not at all disagreeably affected by noises that fill more sensitive people with horror. It is useless to suggest that a more rational holiday might be spent if everybody was not liberated from work on the same day. The present plan is the only way in which definite days of relaxation can be secured, and we do not see why any one should quarrel with his neighbours because they do not share his views as to the proper methods of enjoyment. If the majority prefer Hampstead Heath or the beach at Brighton to the British Museum or the National Gallery, there are very good reasons for their choice. They have generally to work hard, and what they need is not so much direct mental stimulus as the physical benefit to be derived from the sunshine and the open air. The attention of "the intelligent foreigner" has not yet been directed to these periodical holidays. When he begins to study them, he will probably find some reason to question the old dictum as to Englishmen taking their pleasures sadly. The democracy of England on its free days is no more sad than the democracy anywhere else. On the contrary, it is genial, happy, and good-humoured; and its general feeling is distinctly adverse to drunkenness and rowdyism.

WELSH GOLD MINING.—The unexampled depreciation of silver, the quotation of which is now lower than any on record, lends additional interest to the explorations for gold that are taking place in so many parts of the world. Were the supply of the more precious metal largely increased as at the time of the Californian and Australian discoveries, the exchange value of the less precious would proportionately rise, and we might see the rupee ranging upwards towards par. It would be too sanguine no doubt to expect such a miracle as that from Mr. Pritchard Morgan's operations in Wales. Nevertheless, it is a matter for satisfaction that the State has relaxed the strangling grip with which it laid hold of this infant industry. Mr. Morgan may be right or wrong; on that head, it would be premature to express any opinion. But bearing in mind that he pays all the charges—very heavy they are too—out of his pocket, it does not square with the eternal fitness of things that the State should lay hands on the results of this purely private expenditure. He is certainly entitled to expect a fair field, if no favour, for an enterprise which, if successful, would provide employment for thousands of our population. There is far too much restriction of mining industry in this country. Why should the State, or the Crown, or the surface-owners have the power to impose conditions which in some cases are practically prohibitory? It is quite conceivable that Welsh gold-mining might pay at present, although it proved a losing business when previously undertaken. Owing to improvements of method, the precious grains are extracted at very much lower cost than in former times. But unless the deposits prove more valuable than we have any reason to anticipate,

the margin of profit must be so narrow as to disappear completely if the State, Shylock-like, insists on having its full pound of flesh. Give the venture a fair chance; that is all Mr. Morgan asks of his fellow-countrymen, and it will be hard on him if he does not get even so much as that.

WAR SCARES AND PEACE SOCIETIES.—In the midst of the clamour raised by the "chronic alarmists," as they have been somewhat unkindly called, it is really quite refreshing to listen to the still small voice of our old friend the Peace Society. Hitherto, the Society has not exercised much influence over the rulers of the Continent, for the war debts are greater and the armaments heavier than they were twenty years ago, but, without doubt, their reiterated lectures on the folly of war have had some effect on the English-speaking world. This country, especially, has on a good many occasions submitted her claims to arbitration, and, as the award has generally gone against her, a proof is afforded that her partial adhesion to the new doctrine is at least disinterested. Yet who will now venture to say that in any one of these disputes we ought to have preferred the dread arbitration of war? From this springs the more practical and pressing question, "From what quarter is a difficulty likely to arise, which, being unsusceptible of settlement by negotiation or arbitration, must terminate in open hostilities?" In seeking for a reply to this hypothetical question, we must endeavour to lay aside that rhetorical question, which portrays other nations as ambitious, national prejudice which portrays other nations as peace-loving, unscrupulous, and astute, while we English are peace-loving, fair-minded, and clumsily good-natured in our diplomacy. It is a curious fact that every other nation takes a similar view of itself and its neighbours. A study of American, French, and Russian newspapers will show that each of these countries thinks itself badly prepared for war, that it is easy-going to a fault, and that its diplomatists are always outwitted by those of other countries. As, therefore, it is plain that every international difficulty presents a diverse aspect to the respective countries interested in the dispute, and as our Continental neighbours are not fiends, but men of like passions with ourselves, no cause of quarrel ought to arise which cannot be disposed of by patience, moderation, and resolute fair dealing. If our statesmen will bear these observations in mind, and will also sedulously avoid meddling with Continental politics—in which this country has very little concern—they ought for thirty millions a year to provide us with as efficient an army and navy as any peace-loving country can reasonably want.

LORD LANSLOWNE.—Lord Lansdowne is now on his way to England, and all parties are prepared to congratulate him on the manner in which he has discharged his duties in Canada. The office he has held is one that requires the exercise of constant tact and judgment, and Lord Lansdowne has never failed to meet the wishes of the Canadian people. The memory of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway during his term of office will always be associated with his name, and he has secured for himself much honour by helping to prepare the way for the settlement of the Fisheries Question. It is not improbable that the Senate of the United States will decline to ratify the Washington Convention; but sooner or later its main provisions will certainly be accepted, and neither England nor Canada will forget the part played in the matter by Lord Lansdowne. In undertaking the duties of Viceroy of India, he will find himself in a very different position from that from which he has just withdrawn. Even in Calcutta he will have to act in accordance with official traditions; he will have to take into account the opinions of his advisers; he will often be hampered by the interference of the India Office. Still, compared with the Governor-General of the Dominion, the Viceroy of India is almost an autocratic ruler, and for some time Lord Lansdowne will no doubt find it rather hard to get accustomed to so great a change. He has proved himself so able a man, however, that we may be sure he will discharge his new obligations satisfactorily. It should be some consolation to him that he is not likely to be followed to India by Mr. William O'Brien, who so dismally failed in the attempt to excite a prejudice against him in Canada.

LONDON HOSPITAL DIFFICULTIES.—The reverberations of Lord Randolph Churchill's thunder against the London hospitals still fill the air. A good thing, too; the public attention needs to be aroused to a sense of the danger which threatens these grand Samaritan institutions. It is altogether a question of money; give the managers *carte blanche* in expense and they will remedy deficiencies quickly enough. And what sum would be needed to place matters on a proper footing? An additional 200,000*l.* per annum is the modest estimate of one authority writing to the daily Press. It is a heavy amount, truly; far too heavy ever to be obtained from voluntary subscriptions and donations. Then, as regards a hospital rate, the proposal advocated in some quarters, it is certain that those who paid it would demand a major share of control over its expenditure, a state of things utterly antagonistic to the requirements of hospital management and discipline. Is there any way of escape from this dilemma? A not too friendly critic of the existing system affirms that the hospitals are too generous—that they treat a large number of patients gratis who could well afford to pay a small fee. If this be the case it should be seen to and remedied at once; there is no more reason why well-to-do

workmen should obtain medical treatment free of cost, than free rations or free lodgings. We doubt, however, whether the number who could afford to pay a fee would be found at all large. It has to be remembered that when a working man goes to hospital those dependent on him are very hard driven in many cases to obtain food pending the convalescence of their bread-winner. Nor is there wanting an even more cogent reason for hesitating before instituting a fee. The working classes have come to regard the free hospitals as their birthright, and any attempt to tax them in its enjoyment would be sure to give rise to grave discontent. It is to be feared, therefore, that the problem is as far from solution as ever.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.—Not many years ago, when English sympathisers, who had little or no practical experience of India, talked of "the national aspirations" of the inhabitants of that vast region, they were met with the objection that India was not a nation, but a congeries of conflicting races and religions. To a certain extent, of course, this objection still holds good, and will continue to hold good for a long time to come. Nevertheless, the recent assemblage of the Congress at Madras, comprising both Mahomedans and Hindoos, as well as men of such diverse races as Marathis and Bengalis, proves that the old barriers of prejudice and ignorance are being gradually broken down, and that a genuine spirit of Indian patriotism is being evoked. The occurrence of this phenomenon a generation ago would have aroused the alarm of the old *Qui-Hys*, who would have scented in such a movement imminent danger to the supremacy of the British *raj*. It is satisfactory, therefore, to note that the deliberations of the late Congress have afforded no grounds for fears of this description. On the contrary, it is evident that, in spite of the occasional violence of the vernacular Press, intelligent native opinion in India is thoroughly loyal to the British Crown, and that the alleged designs of Russia meet with no favour. In fact, the natives are perfectly well aware that if Russia were to invade India successfully, and drive out the British, there would simply be a change of masters, and that the little finger of the Muscovite would probably be much thicker than the loins of the Englishman. Years, however, would most likely elapse before the invaders could firmly establish themselves, and meanwhile the less-warlike races would groan under a grinding tyranny. And this remark points another lesson taught by the Congress. Hitherto, owing to his intellectual nimbleness, the Bengali has loomed unduly large in the imagination of the European. It is now being made clear that the Bengali is only one out of many nationalities, some of which are fully his equals in intelligence, while possessed of far higher physical capacities.

FRANCE AND ITALY.—A review, called the *Union Méditerranéenne*, has been started for the purpose of promoting an alliance between France and Italy. We may doubt whether its efforts are likely to be attended with much success. As the Marquis Alfieri, in an admirable letter to the editor, has shown, there are very solid reasons why the Italians should prefer an alliance with Germany to an alliance with France. In the first place, it is almost inconceivable that there should ever be any serious conflict of interests between Germany and Italy. The interests of Italy and France, on the contrary, are by no means identical. They are both great Mediterranean Powers, and at the time when France was mastering Tunis it was obvious enough that they were far from having the same views as to their relative rights and duties in North Africa. Again, Germany has no wish to drag Italy into a war with France, or with any other Power. The supreme aim of the German Chancellor is to maintain peace, and he values the Italian alliance mainly because it strengthens his hands in the effort to prevent a great struggle. If Italy concluded an alliance with the French Republic, could she feel sure that she would remain in an equally favourable position? A powerful party in France is resolved that at some future time Alsace and Lorraine shall, if possible, be reconquered; and, if a Franco-Italian alliance were formed, this party would be constantly tempted to use the alliance for the attainment of its own ends. Another important consideration is that the Italians are often taunted by French Republicans about their monarchical form of Government, and by French Roman Catholics about their relations to the Papacy; whereas the Germans uniformly treat them with the respect that is their due. These arguments have much more weight than vague sentimental talk about the so-called "Latin Race," and for many a day they will probably suffice to secure for United Germany the cordial sympathy and co-operation of United Italy.

MISCONDUCT IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—It might be too sanguine to hope that the sharp sentence passed by the Hammersmith stipendiary on a young rough for blackguardly behaviour on the Underground Railway will act as a deterrent. Impunity has been so long extended to similar misconduct that the friends of this particular ruffian will probably consider him very harshly treated. He began by bullying and trying to strike an inoffensive priest, and when a gentleman interfered the persecutor turned upon him. There is nothing out of the common in this account; travellers by third-class on the Underground, at certain hours, have often to put up

with behaviour scarcely less outrageous. It really seems to be believed by some passengers of the baser sort that, as soon as they enter a railway carriage, all the prescriptions of social decorum are at an end. They smoke in every compartment; they expectorate; they sing obscene songs; they endeavour to get up quarrels with the more respectable passengers; they address objectionable remarks to any women who offend them by modesty of appearance. Indeed, whether in man or woman, decency of conduct seems to be an offence in their eyes, while anything resembling clerical attire is sure to make its wearer the recipient of blasphemous jokes. But perhaps the most hateful nuisance of all is the itinerant musician of the Ethiopian persuasion, who, after "obliging the company" with a choice collection of gutter songs with a discordant banjo accompaniment, proceeds to blackmail the quieter-looking passengers. This abomination is connived at by the railway officials; he will often strum and howl when the train is pulled up at a platform, and, if in a good temper, will indulge in badinage with the *employés*. No wonder that the roughs have come to regard railway carriages as licensed for unseemly saturnalia. Perhaps they even believe that this is the chief *raison d'être* of the Underground line—to provide a safety valve for brutalities which, if practised above ground, would speedily land their perpetrators in the police-station.

DRUNKARDS AND REVOLVERS.—There is a kind of murder of a cold-blooded deliberate type, such for example as was lately perpetrated on the wretched watchmaker, Vétard, at Auxerre, which is not very common in any country, and is perhaps more rare in England than on the Continent. But for murders of a passionate, half-insane type England enjoys a bad pre-eminence. Half-a-dozen such tragedies happen every week. Sometimes the murderer kills himself as well as his victim, but more often his pluck quails at such an ordeal; and then he rarely receives an adequate punishment for his offence. He is either adjudged to be insane, or he gets off with a verdict of manslaughter, or even if found guilty of murder the gallows is cheated of a deserving customer by a reprieve. The fault of the old unreformed criminal code was not that it punished murderers too severely, but that it also inflicted the death-penalty for various offences of a far less heinous character. Our reformers, therefore, went too far in the opposite direction when they decided that attempted murder should no longer be a capital offence, as it was until 1861. It would be a very wholesome thing if all these would-be murderers, even when they fail to cut their wives' throats up to killing-point, or when they only maim and mutilate their "sweethearts," were sent remorselessly to the gallows. But as there is not much chance of the false humanitarianism of the present day being braced up to this point, let us at least be energetic in the use of preventive measures. Two familiar elements in these tragedies are alcohol and the revolver. Instead of worrying those who know how to drink in moderation, let us make chronic intemperance a serious offence, entailing loss of personal liberty; and let us also put such restraints on the sale and purchase of that pestilent and useless little weapon the revolver, as to make its possession a matter of considerable difficulty.

CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCTION.—The Co-Operative Congress, which has been holding its annual meeting during the present week, has good reason to congratulate itself on the success of its cause, so far as co-operative distribution is concerned. Co-operative distribution, however, represents only one part, and not the most important part, of its ideal. The ultimate aim is to bring the war between Capital and Labour to an end, by securing that the workers, acting in independent but allied groups, shall themselves be capitalists, and enjoy all the fruits of their industry. The ideal is excellent, but unfortunately it cannot be easily realised. In the first place, it is always hard for co-operative productive societies to make a fair start. They have usually no very great resources to fall back upon, and powerful individual capitalists seldom experience much difficulty in underselling them in the open market. Again, if a co-operative productive society is to succeed, it is absolutely necessary that it should have an able, upright, and energetic manager, and that the workers should not only trust him, but be at all times ready to carry out his instructions. These are hard conditions, and every one who has studied the subject knows how rarely, when the experiment has been made, they have been complied with. That co-operative productive societies will hereafter play an important part there can be little doubt; but perhaps more is to be hoped, in the near future, from the plan of profit-sharing between employers and employed. This scheme has led to good results wherever it has been properly tried, and it is surprising that it is not more frequently put to the test by rich capitalists.

ALL-ROUND CRICKET.—The Australian team of cricketers seem likely to produce a similar scare among our exponents of the game as occurred when the "demon bowler" and his troupe carried all before them. When our present visitors beat Surrey in a single innings, it was accounted for by the premier county's best players being "off colour." When the great Grace himself could make no head against the bowling of Ferris and Turner, Britons took comfort in the

reflection that the Gloucestershire phenomenon had not got into play. These excuses must be abandoned. In subsequent matches against other Elevens, the Surrey men have afforded proof that there is nothing much amiss with them, while Mr. Grace showed in the Gloucestershire *v.* Sussex match that he still knows how to punish weak bowling. But it is not only in that department of the game that our antipodean cousins excel. Their fielding is perfection for neatness and precision, while in the matter of batting the Eleven has no tail. It is in this combination of excellences that the Australians' strength lies. They are good all round, and they play together with a degree of *esprit de corps* which in itself almost insures success. It may be that when the ground gets hard they will show to less advantage: they certainly did not exhibit any marked excellence in their matches against the English teams in Australia just previous to their embarkation. But at that time they had not learnt to play together, whereas their opponents had. As regards their bowling, it is clever enough and puzzling enough. But before long our great scientific batsmen will discover its special strength, and learn from experience how to play the most difficult balls that Ferris or Turner can pitch. Spofforth was considered at one time almost unplayable; but, after his peculiarities were once mastered, he proved a most expensive bowler to his side. But, even when that happens in the case of the present invincible trundlers, the Australian team will be very hard to beat—much more difficult than their predecessors for some years.

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued Two EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, III," the other, "SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM (DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL), CHELSEA."



THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.
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THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—The SCOTS GUARDS' BAND, by permission of Colonel Stracey. The Italian Exhibition Band.

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission to the Exhibition, 1s.

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—Applications for Season Tickets to be made to VINCENT A. APPLIN, Esq., Secretary. Single Season Tickets, 5s.; Double Season Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, 30s. Season Tickets for Children (under 16), 10s.

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EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 3.
Tickets and Reserved Seats can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance.

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EPSOM RACES.—May 29th, 30th, 31st, and JUNE 1st.
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS and CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Stations (L.B. and S.C. Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.
The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, also at their City Offices, Hays Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's, Ludgate Circus, where Tickets may also be obtained. The West End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, May 28th, 29th, and 31st.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

THE NEW GALLERY.—The SUMMER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission ONE SHILLING. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.
The HUNDRED and NINTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from 10 till 6. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, K.W.S., Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

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EPSOM RACES, "THE DERBY AND OAKS."—The London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making Special arrangements so that Trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Race Course Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand, and for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the several Railway Companies to issue through tickets to the Race Course Station from all their principal Stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which Stations the Trains of the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running.
The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.30 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, May 28th, 29th and 31st, for the sale of the Special Tickets to the Epsom Downs Race Course Station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, THE BALTIC, &c.—The Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander, will be despatched from Tilbury Dock as follows:—
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21st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
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30th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the BALTIC.
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NOTICE.
THE WEIGHT OF THIS NUMBER being greater than the usual issues, the following are the rates of postage. Papers should be *posted* for abroad before June 3.

| UNITED KINGDOM ½d. | | | |
|--------------------|---------------|--------|-----------------------------|
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WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON—ON BOARD H.M.S. "EDINBURGH"

OUR illustrations are from sketches and some admirable photographs by Captain Percy Scott. One represents a visit paid to H.M.S. *Edinburgh*, while lying at Malta, by the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Duchess, with her husband, is in the shooting gallery, which has been rigged up on the deck. The Duke is aiming at the target, which is so constructed that, on the bull's-eye being hit, the clothes of a little figure of a lady suspended above fly out as though struck by a sudden gust of wind. A more serious mode of attaining correctness of aim is shown in the illustration of practising with the 45-ton breech-loading gun. This huge weapon is fitted for the purpose with a Morris tube, by which a shot of 200 grains suffices for practice instead of the full charge of half a ton. The motions of loading and firing are all gone through as in actual warfare, but the target, like the shot, is in miniature, and is drawn backwards and forwards by the man standing on the left. The blue-jacket perched on the top of the turret is scoring the hits. Over the mouth of the gun is a safety-door, which drops over the muzzle when the turret is training in a position which might be dangerous to those on deck. The remaining illustrations show a modern ship-barber at work, aided by the most improved hair-brushing machinery, and a monster bouquet of roses, presented on New Year's Day to the Captain's wife, Mrs. Palliser.



SKELETON OF A PREHISTORIC BEAR FOUND IN THE PEGGAU CAVE, NEAR GRAZ, STYRIA

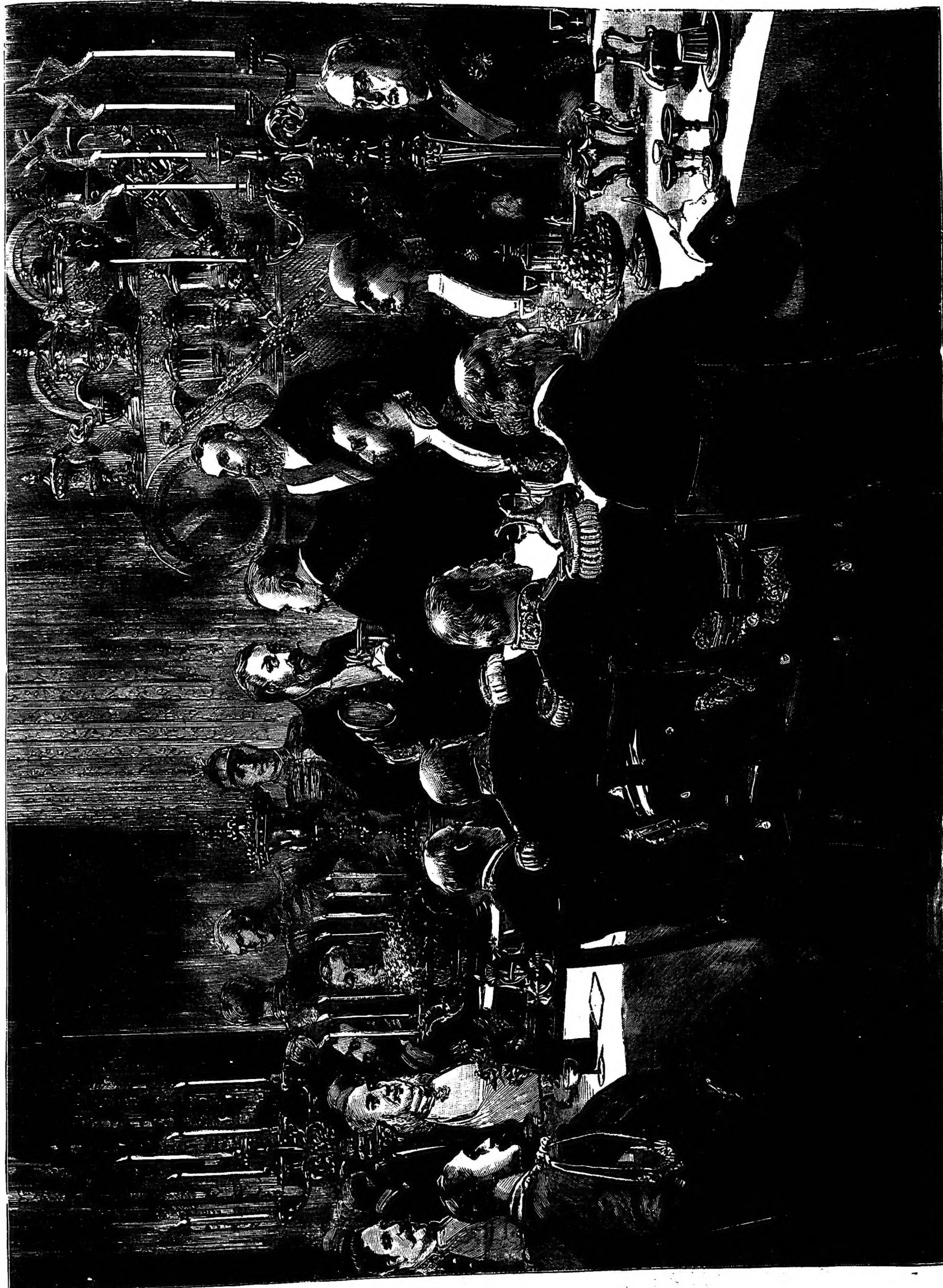
THE SWAN THEATRE IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE
Facsimile of a Sketch made by John de Witt, a learned Dutchman, during a visit to London in 1596. The Sketch has recently been discovered by Dr. Gaedertz, of the Royal Library, Berlin



1. The Front of the Building, with Four Lamas in their State Dresses of Silk and Gold and Silver Embroidery. (The approach is up the trap door seen in front, which is reached through long, dark, and narrow passages, in which are fierce dogs)

2. Exterior of the Building on the Top of a Cliff
3. The Lamasery from the back with Lamas in their ordinary Red Dresses
4. The Chief Idol in the Idol-Room

A LAMASERY AT LAMA YURU, LADAKH, CASHMERE



BANQUET GIVEN BY THE LORD MAYOR AT THE MANSION HOUSE TO THE BELGIAN BURGOMASTERS

A LONDON THEATRE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

AN interesting discovery has recently been made by Dr. Gaedertz, of the Royal Library, Berlin, of a valuable manuscript and drawing relating to a theatre of the Shakespearean period amongst the papers of a certain Dutch scholar, John de Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Church at Utrecht, who visited London in 1596. This sketch is a highly interesting addition to London theatrical literature. De Witt states that there were four large playhouses in London at that time—the Theatre, the Curtain, the Rose, and the Swan. The last, however, was the most important. It was built, or faced, with flint, and supported by pillars of wood cleverly coloured so as to resemble



DR. GAEDERTZ
Of the Royal Library, Berlin

marble, and was of considerable size, having seats for 3,000 persons. Dr. Gaedertz has published these documents and drawings (which he came across in the University Library at Utrecht) in a book entitled "Zur Kenntnis der Altenglischen Bühne nebst andern Beiträgen zur Shakespeare-Litteratur" ("The Old English Stage, and other Shakespearean Essays." Müller: Bremen), and our illustration is a facsimile of De Witt's drawing. We also append a portrait of Dr. Charles Theodore Gaedertz, who is the Keeper of the Royal Library at Berlin. He has published a good many works embodying his researches into old theatrical

and biographical literature, including a history of the "Low-German Stage," and biographies of Fritz Reuter and Emanuel Geibel. By special command of the late Emperor Dr. Gaedertz was granted two years' leave, in order to consult the various public and private libraries in England, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Sweden. He came over to England about three years ago, instructed by his Government to search for all dramatic literature, but German dramatic works in particular, from the earliest time to the end of the seventeenth century. On his return the Emperor granted Dr. Gaedertz a third year's leave for the purpose of publishing some of his discoveries, which he has done in several books. Now Dr. Gaedertz, whom his countrymen call the "literary Schliemann," has embodied what he found in England and Holland relating to Shakespeare in the above-mentioned work, which contains much valuable information, and will certainly be an interesting addition to every Shakespearean library.

A PREHISTORIC BEAR

LARGE quantities of the bones of various animals, such as the lion, hyena, bear, and prehistoric dog have been found from time to time in caves in various parts of the world. It is probable that, as far as Europe is concerned, these caverns were more abundantly filled a few centuries ago than at present. In the pre-scientific era of medicine, a brisk traffic took place in these prehistoric bone-deposits, as in the analogous case of Egyptian mummies. A physician of Grätz, Styria, writing in the year 1695, describes how he received many hundreds of bones and teeth, as well as four dragons' heads, and that, with these potent implements, he achieved numerous noteworthy cures. It has since been ascertained that these skulls and bones belonged to bears. The receptacle where they were found is still called "Dragons' Cave."

Our illustration represents the skeleton of a prehistoric bear (*Ursus spelæus*) as well as a second gigantic skull, which were found about four years ago in the Peggau Cave, near Grätz, Styria. The entrance to the cave is in a perpendicular rock-face, some hundreds of yards in height, and the animal remains were covered with a stalactite deposit from five to ten inches thick, which had effectually preserved them from decay. Under the stalactite was a conglomerate several yards in thickness, composed of calcareous spar, quartz, and limestone. Several days were occupied in chiselling the bones out of this solid mass. A hole was made in the hinder part of the lower skull represented in our illustration, for the purpose of examining the interior. Its blunt and colossal shape differs considerably from the modern type, and indicates that this bear belonged to a very early period. The skull of an ordinary cat is given underneath in order to show the comparative size. The skull of the bear is wonderfully well preserved, the teeth are firm, and the bones bright yellow. To look at they might have been under the earth some dozen years, instead of at least twenty or twenty-five thousand. This skull is about twenty inches long, and twelve inches high. The tusks are about four inches long. The skull of the skeleton is rather longer, but not quite so high. The entire skeleton is over nine feet high; the living animal was probably over ten feet.—We are indebted for the photograph from which our engraving is taken to Herr Frederic Schmidt, engineer, 18, Merangasse, Grätz, Styria.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION—NOTES AMONGST THE LAMAS

THE troubles which have brought about our expedition against the Tibetans, who had established themselves in Sikkim as a barrier to our commercial advance, have in a great measure been brought about by the intense jealousy of foreigners shown by the Lamas, or priests of Tibet. They apprehend, and not unnaturally, that the white barbarians will not only take all trade and commerce into their own hands, but will bring with them the broader views of the outside world, which would speedily undermine the all-powerful influence which the priesthood now exercise over the Tibetans. Our illustrations of the Lamas are from photographs of a Lamastery at Lama Yuru, Ladakh. One shows the exterior of the Lamastery, built on the top of a cliff of conglomerate, in which great clefts have been worn by the rain. Some of the buildings are right over the corners of these clefts. Another view of the Lamastery represents the back of the building, and shows the numerous religious symbols which are scattered around. In front are four Lamas in their ordinary red dresses, and at the entrance is a huge prayer-wheel, which every one who passes spins round. In the sketch of the front of the building are four Lamas in their State dresses, which are only worn during great religious ceremonies, when the Lama Dance is performed. The dresses are very handsome, and are of silk, covered with gold and silver embroidery. The approach to the building is made through the trap-door in front, to reach which our correspondent had to pass through several dark and very narrow passages. In these were some large and savage dogs, whose heads had to be covered up with blankets to enable him to pass in safety. Lastly, we depict the chief idol in the idol house. This figure is carved in wood, and is about ten feet high. The numberless hands round it indicate that the power of the idol can reach everywhere. There are several other idols in the room, and before each are little saucers of oil as offerings. The walls all round and up the roof are covered with paintings executed by one of the Lamas. "The Lamas," writes our correspondent, "were most civil, and were very much delighted when I allowed them to look through the camera to see their friends standing the wrong way up."

BELGIAN BURGOMASTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE

ON the evening of May 16th, the Lord Mayor entertained the Belgian Burgomasters and Aldermen and numerous other guests at dinner at the Mansion House. Among the towns represented by their chief magistrates were Brussels, Ghent, Liège, Mons, Tournai, Termonde, Louvain, Charleroi, Dinant, and Courtrai, besides others of less importance. The Lord Mayor of York and several other provincial Mayors were also present. The health of Queen Victoria and of the Belgian Royal Family was drunk with enthusiasm. In proposing the toast of "Prosperity to the Municipal Institutions of Belgium," the Lord Mayor paid a tribute to the historic value of those institutions as having afforded some of the earliest illustrations of the benefits of Municipal Government. The Burgomaster of Brussels, M. C. Buis, responded to the toast in English, the Lord Mayor having spoken alternately in English and French. The health of the Lord Mayor of York was received with great cordiality. In his reply, he alluded to the Local Government Bill, which he said would create a triple-municipal organisation throughout England in a manner hardly complimentary to the old Municipal authorities. Other toasts followed, including that of the "Corporation of the City of London."

A SALE AT SOTHEBY'S

THE scene represented by our artist in the engraving will probably be unfamiliar to the majority of our readers. It represents the interior of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's Sale Room, at No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, during one of their interesting sales of valuable books, and contains characteristic portraits of the principal London dealers and others who are in the habit of attending the sales held there.

Although books, of course, take the prominent place at these sales, the rooms are not exclusively devoted to them; sales of rare prints, autograph letters, coins, and other articles of antiquarian interest being of frequent occurrence. The order of procedure is generally after the following manner:—Soon after one o'clock P.M., the auctioneer takes his place in the rostrum, and business commences. The first lot is placed upon the table and examined, and is immediately bid for by one of those present; should it happen to be of value a brisk competition for its possession at once arises, and the bids follow one another in quick succession till it is ultimately knocked down to the highest bidder.

The auctioneer depicted in the engraving as officiating on the present occasion is Mr. E. G. Hodge, of the above-mentioned well-known firm of literary auctioneers, who, attended by his clerk, Mr. Snowdon, is offering a quarto volume, which at the moment is being critically scrutinised by Mr. Reeves overlooked by Mr. Stibbs, two veteran booksellers; the lot is evidently of interest to Mr. Walford, seated upon the left of Mr. Stibbs, and who is keeping a sharp eye upon the auctioneer to see that his bidding is not overlooked. Mr. Quaritch, the Goliath of the trade, may be noticed in his usual well-chosen seat just beneath the auctioneer's desk, but upon this occasion he is not wearing his wide-awake hat (or "buying hat," as it is jocularly termed). It is here that the books are usually placed upon the table by the porter who takes them from the shelves at the side, where they are replaced as soon as sold. It is for this reason that most of the buyers collect at this spot, or are seated upon that side of the auction room.

Mr. Hodge is a brisk and cheerful salesman, and keeps the attention of all the buyers well engaged from first to last (which is an essential point in a successful auctioneer), and consequently invariably obtains good prices for the goods he sells. The lots being put up and knocked down extremely rapidly it is very dangerous for any buyer to have his attention for an instant taken off the sale, as a slight inattention is frequently rewarded by the loss of a desirable book; instances of this kind often occur.

It is in this room that so many famous and historical libraries have been dispersed within the last few years. Among the principal may be enumerated the unrivalled Beckford and Hamilton Collections, which together realised upwards of 85,000*l.*; the Syston Park Library, famous for its rare editions of the classics, its Gutenberg Bible, and Codex Psalter of 1459, the latter volume being remarkable as having realised the highest price of any single book that has ever been sold by auction, viz., 4,950*l.*; the Osterley Park Library, famous for its Caxtons, and many others too numerous for us to notice here.

THE GIPSY TRAGEDY AT CORDOVA

MOST of our readers will remember the main incidents of this remarkable case. Dr. Gowing Middleton, the travelling physician of an invalid nobleman, left his hotel one day to visit the famous Cathedral of Cordova. On the way an English-speaking gipsy, named Ricardo Heredia, offered his services as guide. By means of his importunity he forced his company on the doctor, and they ascended the unattractive tower by which the beauty of the ancient Moorish mosque is marred. On the way down the narrow stairs Heredia suddenly grappled with Dr. Middleton, evidently with the intention of robbing, and possibly of murdering him. Fortunately, however, the doctor was armed, and, being also left-handed, he drew his revolver from an unexpected quarter, and fired over his shoulder at the ruffian, who left the marks of his murderous fingers on his intended victim's throat. The shot took fatal effect. For the alleged murder which he had committed Dr. Middleton was tried last month at Cordova. Respectable Spanish opinion was all on his side; but the gipsies, of whom there are forty thousand in Spain, and who are more or less united by a brotherhood of lawlessness, were eager to be revenged for the blood of their compatriot. Dr. Middleton had to be guarded by soldiers and police both in Court and at the hotel where he was kept in formal custody, or the gipsies would inevitably have murdered him; and they were equally prepared to wreak a similar vengeance on Mr. David C. Robertson, of Edinburgh, who kindly volunteered to act as the prisoner's interpreter. After a trial lasting for several days, during which the Court, prisoner, and counsel, all visited the cathedral tower, where the tragical incident was, as it were, acted over again, Dr. Middleton was acquitted. He was, however, for his personal safety, advised to quit the country as soon as possible, Cordova being, during the trial, full of gipsies, who had poured in from all parts of Andalusia.—Our engravings are from photographs sent to us by Mr. Lionel Middleton, of Sunnyside, Stalham, Norfolk.

THE MONASTERIES OF METEORA, KALABAK, THESSALY

THESE remarkable aerial monasteries are situated in North-Eastern Thessaly, in a plain watered by the River Peneus, close to village of Kalabak, where an extraordinary group of insulated massive rocky cones and pinnacles rise up some 1,000 feet in rugged picturesqueness. In olden days some twenty-four monasteries crowned these precipitous heights, but only ten now remain, and of these but six are inhabited. The monks had originally settled in these mountain-fortresses for the sake of the security which they afforded, and certainly no more inaccessible citadels could be imagined. The would-be visitor has either to climb to each monastery by a series of ladders affixed to the face of the rock, or, after having attracted the attention of the monks by his shouts, to be hauled up some two hundred feet or so by the monks in a net—a by no means pleasant method of locomotion, particularly to any one afflicted with nerves. Some of the rocks also are pierced with cells, where solitary hermits were wont to dwell. Each monastery is like a miniature fortress, the good fathers possessing

wells and cisterns, goats and sheep, and stores of meal, but they subsist chiefly on the contributions of the charitable. There is an interesting account of a recent visit to these monasteries by Mr. J. Theodore Bent in this month's *Gentleman's*, who states that a monk named Athanasios was the original founder of these communities during the troublous times when the Eastern Empire was tottering, and near its fall. One of his disciples was a King, the hermit Joseph, a nephew of the celebrated Serbian Emperor Stephen. This King ruled over the Plain of Thessaly and was induced by the preaching of Athanasios to become a Stylite and himself, whence from his lofty retreat of the Grand Monastery on the Rock of Meteora he continued to exercise Royal sway over his kingdom. The monasteries vary much in form and size, one—the Holy Monastery—being built on the summit of so tapering a needle that to obtain space to live in the monks have projected balconies and bow-windows all the way round, which gives it the appearance of a vast mushroom. Another massive rock is perfectly honeycombed with cells, where it is said that in days of yore refractory monks were confined, and fed on bread and water. Our illustrations are from photographs kindly lent by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, to whom a correspondent had recently written concerning the district as follows:—

"At Larissa I was so much struck by the glowing descriptions I heard of the monasteries of Kalabak, lodged as they are on the summits of inaccessible crags, which can only be reached by one being hoisted up in a hamper by long ropes, that I decided to go to Kalabak and satisfy myself whether there was not, as usual, much exaggeration in these descriptions. I must say that I was never so agreeably deceived; nature has here surpassed anything I was told or could fancy. Thessaly, with the present means of locomotion, is at the very door of England, but few appear to suspect its extraordinary beauty. The distance from the Piræus to Volo, by sea, is about twenty to twenty-four hours. You go through the Eubæan channel, the shores of which are of equal beauty to those of the Bosphorus. There is a steamer belonging to the Greek Navigation Company plying every day, each way, between the two towns; there are also supplementary services worked by other companies. The distance from Volo to Larissa by rail is about two hours. The distance from Volo to the town of Kalabak, around which the monasteries are situated, is five hours by rail. The proper seasons for visiting Thessaly are the autumn and the spring, the latter being preferable."

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, III.

APART from its technical merits, Mr. Weguelin's "Bacchus and the Choir of Nymphs" is one of those pictures upon which it is pleasant to gaze when, as too often happens during an English May, the north-east wind blows with pitiless keenness. It must be so delightful to live in a balmy atmosphere, where one can dispense with the aid of tailor and milliner. In "A Youthful Genius," Mr. Joseph Clark supplies one of those attractive domestic interiors which he has painted now for many years past. If all our ancestors were such fine stalwart fellows as Mr. Carl Haag's, it is to be feared that, despite the discoveries of sanitary science, there has been a woeful falling-off in the human breed. Mr. Jacob-Hood is a young artist who, as a portrait painter, came rather suddenly to the front about eighteen months ago. "The Triumph of Spring" shows that he is equally at home in other pictorial walks. Mr. Ernest Waterlow's "Wolf! Wolf!" tells the old story literally, and not, as is often the case, in metaphorical guise. It, moreover, introduces us to a charming bit of landscape. Mr. A. W. Strutt, in "A Flying Visit," possesses the secret of representing rapid movement. All the figures—dogs, fowls, and especially poor Reynard himself—are thoroughly instinct with life. The copyright of this picture belongs to Mr. J. Mendoza, who will shortly publish an etching of it, executed by Mr. Strutt himself. In Mr. Swinstead's clever picture, "Rats, Toby!" we venture to think that the dog looks almost too *vif* and knowing, for the circumstances of the case. The spectator is led to suppose that Toby believes in the toy rat which his young mistress is mischievously holding up. Our own experience is that cats and dogs, being guided rather by scent than by sight, are never taken in by the most elaborate imitations of live animals.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 557.

STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND, XII.

See page 560.

"OFFICER OF THE GUARD ON DUTY AT DUBLIN CASTLE."—The duties of this officer while doing his twenty-four hours' guard at the Castle do not seem very irksome. He has a bedroom and a comfortable sitting-room, of which the walls are highly decorated



with oil, water-colour, and chalk sketches, by artistic brother-officers. One of these pictures on the wall, a seascape painted in oils, is said to be worth 200*l.*

THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, CHELSEA
(DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL)

See pp. 565 *et seqq.*

TRADE BETWEEN TIBET AND INDIA seems to be carried on by the Tibetan Monks to a considerable extent, according to the *Times of India*. The monks from the monasteries near Lassa constantly come down to Calcutta with quantities of musk, yaks' tails, gold-dust, and ponies, and take back in return cloth, chintz, coral, turquoises, and other valuable goods.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Gladstone made a speech, chiefly about his son Herbert and the representation of Leeds, to a large party of Yorkshire Liberal excursionists who paid a visit to Hawarden Park on Tuesday. He wound up with the usual glorification of Home Rule, which, among other results, it seems, to "repair the tarnished honour of England," no reference, however, being intended to the death of Gordon or the disaster of Majuba Hill.—Mr. Chamberlain has been the guest this week of Sir William Harcourt in the New Forest, and at the same time a Birmingham paper, which is understood to be more or less his organ, has published, though merely "for consideration and criticism," a scheme of local self-government for Ireland, which includes the establishment of County Boards to deal with local matters, and of Provincial Councils with limited legislative functions. These Councils would have no power to deal with any "matters affecting religion," or "with the rights of property to the injury of individual and other owners." The executive power would remain vested in representatives of the Crown, which would continue to appoint Judges and Magistrates. The County Boards and Municipalities might be allowed to provide and control and pay for a purely local police to deal with ordinary offences, but the Royal Irish Constabulary, though perhaps reduced in numbers, would remain under the control of the Irish Executive, and carry into effect the decrees of the judicial Courts.—Lord Charles Beresford, addressing a great gathering of Primrose Leaguers at Welbeck Abbey on Wednesday, repeated his suggestion that to find money for increasing the strength of the Navy the seven millions annually paid to the Sinking Fund for the reduction of the National Debt should for two years be expended on the Navy. This would so far interfere with the reduction of the Debt, but, said Lord Charles, if we were at war, and our Navy proved to be not big enough, the National Debt would be speedily increased to three times its present proportions.—The Conservative candidate, Mr. Guest, has been badly beaten at Southampton by his Gladstonian rival, Mr. Evans, whose majority (885) is considerably more than twice as large as that of the late member, Sir John Commerell (C), in 1886. The contest turned very much on purely local matters and interests.

IRELAND.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who presided addressed, with Messrs. Dillon, W. O'Brien, M.P., and other speakers, a mass meeting in that city on Sunday, held in consequence of the Papal Rescript. A resolution was adopted declaring that the citizens of Dublin "respectfully decline to recognise any right in the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs."—Mr. Condon, M.P. for East Tipperary, on being released after a fortnight's imprisonment for his advocacy of the Plan of Campaign, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for inciting ratepayers to resist the levy of 1,000l. sanctioned by the Cork Grand Jury as compensation to a constable who had good reason to "remember Mitchelstown," having been kicked nearly to death on the occasion of the riots there.—A coroner's inquest has been held on the bailiff who, as previously mentioned in this column, died of injuries inflicted on him while attempting to serve a writ on Canon O'Donnell at Doon, in the chapel-yard of which he was found lying unconscious in a pool of blood. The District Inspector denied emphatically the truth of the report that the Canon was in the confessional when the unfortunate man went with the writ in search of him. The medical evidence was to the effect that his skull had been fractured by direct violence, such as the blow of a stone. The jury, nevertheless, while finding that he had died from fracture of the skull, added, "but how or when he received the injury we are not in a position to state."—The final evictions on the O'Grady estate took place this week without resistance on the part of the tenants or disturbance of any kind.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS has been held this week at Dewsbury. In the course of his inaugural address, Mr. E. Neale, dealing with the problem of co-operative production, suggested that the great wholesale societies should initiate proposals of a system of federation for productive purposes. Lord Ripon, presiding on Tuesday, referred to the general social problem, the gravity of which, he thought, demanded that the workers of the country should receive at least some share in the profits created by their labour.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Charity Commissioners have consented to give 50,000l. towards the establishment of a Polytechnic Institution in South-west London, if the inhabitants will raise a similar sum for its erection and maintenance. Lord Cadogan has offered a site for it in the centre of Chelsea.—The Earl of Dartmouth has made a very sensible, as well as acceptable, Jubilee present to the inhabitants of Morley, a public park of fifteen acres, which was opened on Whit-Monday.—The Lord Mayor has received for the Mansion House Fund to relieve the sufferers by the German inundations the sum of 170l. 2s., being the result of the sale of tickets for the recent performance at Professor Herkomer's theatre at Bushey.—Work has been resumed at Mount Morgan Gold Mines, Dolgelly, Mr. Goschen having intimated, in an interview with Mr. Pritchard Morgan, that the Government did not wish operations at the mine and the further removal of gold from it to be suspended, but were prepared to meet him in a liberal spirit.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-first year, of Lady Mary Gage, eldest surviving daughter of the fifth Marquis of Queensberry; of Lady Molesworth, originally Miss Carstairs, who gave up her intention of going on the operatic stage when marrying Mr. Temple West, soon after his death marrying the late Sir William Molesworth, the well-known advanced Liberal statesman (he died in 1855), becoming, and during her widowhood remaining, a leader of London society, her house, 78, Eaton Place, being resorted to by the most distinguished people of her time; in her sixty-sixth year, of Mrs. Hills, wife of the Bishop of British Columbia; in his eighty-seventh year, of the Hon. Frederick Solly Flood, late Attorney-General at Gibraltar; in his sixty-sixth year, of Rear-Admiral Montagu O'Reilly, who had served with distinction in various parts of the world, from China to the Crimea; in his seventy-sixth year, of Sir Charles E. K. Kortright, late H.M.'s Consul in Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c.; in his eighty-ninth year, of Major Robert Carmichael-Smyth, who served with the 93rd Highlanders many years in Canada, and was the original projector of the Great Colonial Railway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, an enterprise which he advocated in numerous pamphlets more than forty years since; in his seventy-seventh year, of Major George Graham, a brother of Sir James Graham, the Conservative statesman, and from 1838 to 1879 Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages; in his seventy-fifth year, of the Venerable John Cather, Archdeacon of Tuam; on the eve of his seventy-ninth birthday, of the Rev. Thomas Stevens, who devoted much time and money to placing a public school education within the reach of the middle classes by founding Bradfield College, Berks, of which he was for many years the Warden; and in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. Olaf Svendsen, the distinguished Norwegian flute-player, since 1861 first flute in the Queen's private band, and Professor of his instrument at the Royal Academy of Music.

FINANCIAL ASPECTS OF THE DERBY AND OAKS

ALTHOUGH a century and more has elapsed since they were instituted, the Derby and Oaks still occupy a high place in public favour. The Derby, in particular, is looked upon as being in some degree an event of national importance, notwithstanding the fact of several races having been successfully established during the last three years, with stakes ranging from four to ten thousand pounds. At one time, the amount of money paid to a Derby or Oaks winner was considered a big sum: for the six years ending with 1880, the entrants and runners for the former race yielded stakes of 4,950l., 5,570l., 6,150l., 5,825l., 7,025l., and 6,370l., respectively, while in the same years, winners of the Oaks were credited with the following amounts, namely, 2,925l., 4,300l., 4,150l., 5,000l., 4,425l., and 4,500l., making a grand total, for both races during the six years, of 61,100l., every penny of which was found by the owners or nominators of horses which took part in, or were entered for, the races named. During the four years ending in 1887, the amounts of the Derby stakes have been as follows—4,525l.; 4,700l.; 4,525l.; and 4,900l. respectively; in the same period the Oaks stakes have averaged a little over 3,300l. per annum.

That important changes may soon be looked for in the "business" of both Oaks and Derby has become a foregone conclusion with those versed in the financial arrangements of the turf. The Oaks is the older race of the two, and is also run for on Epsom Downs, and, like the Derby, it is so constituted that the united amounts of the stakes which accrue to the owners of the winning horse, are entirely provided by those who own the actual runners in the race, or such horses as are entered but do not compete. Few changes, and these not of importance, have taken place in the conditions under which these races have been run since the dates of their inauguration, the Oaks in 1779 and the Derby in 1780. Without going back on such slight alterations as have from time to time been made, the conditions which at present govern the races may be stated in brief form; they are as follows:—The owners of those animals that take part in either contest are required to pay a sum of fifty pounds, while those horses which have been entered for either race, but are not sent to the starting-post, cost their owners twenty-five pounds, the total sums forming the stake run for being paid over to the owner of the winning horse, less three hundred pounds for the horse which is second, and one hundred and fifty for the animal which comes in third.

As has been indicated, owners run for their own money, not one penny being contributed by the Company which owns the Grand Stand at Epsom, and has leased the running track. The entering of horses to run in the Derby is a purely voluntary act on the part of their owners, and, as the animals have to be nominated as yearlings, that is to say, two years before they can run, it is obvious that considerable risk is taken, as when the day of battle arrives the horse may be dead, or from some other cause be unable to take part in the struggle. As a matter-of-fact, only a small percentage of the animals entered for the Derby nowadays take part in the race. The Company which accepts the entries for the Oaks and Derby is vulgarly said to make a "good thing" of it; their shares at all events, when by any chance they come into the market, command a very high price—a price significant of liberal dividends. It has, however, been suggested of late that the Company at Epsom have no more right than any other Company that might be formed would have to adopt the title of "the Derby." In their annual programme of events to be decided at the Epsom Summer Meeting, the company include the Derby Stakes, as a matter of course, it being "use and wont" for them so to do; but if they received no entries there would be no race. Gentlemen who have been in the habit of patronising the Epsom Company may at any time cease to do so, and, if it so pleases them, institute a Derby to be run at Kempton Park, or on any other race course they may select. The race, when it was first instituted, was named in honour of the then Earl of Derby, and the Oaks was named after that nobleman's place of residence, and by whose will or authority these titles are vested in the Grand Stand Company of Epsom no one seems to know. No Grand Stand or Race Company was in existence when the races first began to be run.

The Derby, as almost every person knows, is an event which attracts to the scene of its performance tens of thousands of spectators. On Derby Day, and on the Friday of the Oaks, the Grand Stand and other points of vantage are always crowded, notwithstanding the high price charged for admission. The revenue accruing to the Company from these and other sources of income is, of course, only known to its officers and shareholders, but it is supposed to be very handsome, and owes its existence to the fact that a body of noblemen and gentlemen annually agree to enter their horses for these great events of the Turf. It is under such circumstances that the question has arisen of how these races should in future be constituted, and how much money ought to be added to the stakes by the lessees of the racecourse. That the Company will be speedily called upon to add a handsome bonus to the Derby and Oaks is deemed certain, and the Epsom authorities will be wise in their generation if they take early action in the matter, and relax their purse-strings in handsome fashion. It has been pertinently said by a well-known patron of the Turf in regard to the Oaks and Derby that "we might as well put the names of our horses in a hat, and pay the accumulated stakes to the three first drawn from it, as allow them to be used as a source of revenue to the Grand Stand Company at Epsom." It is quite obvious, indeed, that the gentlemen who enter and run horses for these races might make a handsome profit by keeping the Derby and Oaks under their own control.

In the hope that an early change will be made, the question is even now being discussed in certain quarters as to how much the contribution ought to be, and how it could be best disposed of. No new race appears to be necessary, the Epsom programme being already sufficiently full, and it would be only simple justice that the amount determined upon should be added to the two races which ensure the prosperity of the Summer Meeting. One idea that has already been ventilated in sporting circles is, that the amount given by the company should not be less than 3,000l.—a moiety to be allotted to each race. In the event of such a grant being made by the lessees, it might be arranged to give the total amount of the stakes in each race to the winner, 1,000l. of the bonus being allocated to the second horse, and 500l. to the animal which obtains the third place. The unfairness of the present mode of dividing the stakes is very marked; it has been proved over and over again that the horse which obtains second place is frequently as good as the winner, although prevented on that particular occasion from showing his merits; he may have lost ground at the start, and yet, when noticed by the judge, be within a few inches of the winner, almost in fact nose to nose, but the sum paid to the owner of the second horse is only 300l., whilst, in numerous instances, the winner has netted close upon 6,000l. The horse which has the misfortune to be second in the Derby or Oaks becomes a marked animal, and in future contests of a handicap kind is shown scant kindness in the way of being favourably weighted, handicappers being often of opinion that horses which attain second place in the race for the Derby are of superior merit. As one reason for increasing the allowance to the second and third horse, it is thought that if that were done the number of runners would be larger, and, in consequence, the stake would be increased in value, every additional starter adding 50l. to the total amount run for; as a respectable trainer has said, "A thousand pound note would not be a bad plaster for the wound of losing the blue ribbon of the Turf."

ELLANGOWAN



A GIGANTIC ANCIENT WELL has been found in the middle of the Place of St. Mark, Venice. It was evidently sunk in the fifteenth century, and is choked up by immense masses of sand which have drifted in from the sand heaps on the Lido.

THE BUFFALOES ON THE AMERICAN PRAIRIES were thought to be nearly extinct, thanks to the reckless destruction of big game in recent years; but a happy find has been made of a herd nearly one hundred strong in a remote and uninhabited part of Texas. To prevent any danger of their annihilation, an expedition of trained hunters is being sent to Texas to drive the buffaloes into a given enclosure, where the breed will be carefully preserved.

SEVEN HUNDRED EUROPEAN SINGING BIRDS are to be imported into Oregon by a society of German colonists, who deplore the absence of songsters in the Great West. Skylarks, bullfinches, nightingales, chaffinches, goldfinches, linnets, greenfinches, thrushes, and starlings will form the cargo, and will be let loose in the country immediately on arrival. It is to be hoped that they will not turn out to be such ungrateful immigrants as the sparrow.

LITTLE ALPHONSO XIII. OF SPAIN, who has been so much admired this week by his Barcelona subjects, is a very fine child for his two years—rosy, fair, and robust. Accustomed to State ceremonies from his infancy, the baby Sovereign behaves admirably in public, and is neither shy nor frightened by the noise of a crowd. His eldest sister, the Princess of Asturias, now eight years old, is tall, and more Austrian in type than the second sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, who is a delicate little thing, but is said to be the clever one of the family.

THE EIFFEL TOWER in Paris is rising apace, in spite of all rumours to the contrary, and has reached about one-third of its intended height. The proposed strike of the workmen has come to nought, and indeed most of the men are remarkably well paid. Some of the more skilled workers can earn 8s. 6d. daily, the wages of the majority being about 5s. 6d. per diem. The Tower will be first put to practical use on the coming National Fête day, July 14, when fireworks will be let off from the highest point which the structure may then have reached. The other Exhibition buildings are also well advanced.

THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY only used two swords and one sabre throughout his long fighting career. The first sword was his boyish weapon, carried from 1810 to 1834, the second was a present from the Czar Nicholas, which served him from 1834 to the time of the war with Austria in 1866. On the memorable day of Sadowa the Emperor adopted an infantry sabre, which he wore to the last, and on which he had engraved the names of all his victories in the Austrian and Franco-Prussian campaigns. These historical weapons are to be stored in the Berlin Museum, together with the sabre belonging to the Emperor's father, Frederick William III., which always stood by the side of his writing-table in his study.

THE ABSENCE OF NEWS FROM MR. STANLEY is still being declared by competent African authorities to give no cause for uneasiness. Dr. Schweinfurth thinks that he has been obliged to stop half way, waiting for his lieutenant to join him with provisions. However, caravans are shortly to be sent off from Stanley Falls to revictual Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, while a German traveller, Dr. Mangold of Kiel, is going in search of the explorer, and will attempt to reach the Upper Nile from the east. Mr. Mackinnon and Sir F. de Winton, the President and Secretary of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition have been at Brussels, to confer with the King of the Belgians on the subject of the Expedition and Congo affairs in general.

THE SUCCESS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE in East London fully realises the promoters' expectations, and the Workmen's Industrial Exhibition just opened is one of its most attractive features. This gathering of some four hundred exhibits represents the industries of seventy trades, divided into twenty-four classes, and including printing, decorative art, scientific instruments, watchmaking, furniture, cutlery, clothing, china, jewellery and metal-work, musical instruments, and so forth. Most of these objects have been made after working hours, and are most carefully executed. There are numerous curiosities, such as walking-sticks made from newspapers and letters, so as to show alternate circles of dark and light material, a tiny model of a grand piano which turns into a workbox, pictures composed of coal, a boat which can be converted into a tricycle, &c. Two exhibits show especial inventive and artistic genius—an orrery marking the motions of the planets round the sun, and the plaster cast of a reredos on the subject of the Passion. The next addition to the Palace will be the library, which will be opened on June 16th by the Duchess of Albany, and will provide room for 250,000 volumes. It is a fine octagonal hall, ornamented by busts of the chief lights of English literature. Over 4,000 young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five have joined the Palace Institute, while 200 day and 4,000 night students have attended the various classes.

THE *Universal Review*, the latest addition to our half-crown periodical literature, is edited by Mr. Harry Quilter, and to judge from the first number (which arrived too late to be noticed in our magazine article) is designed to appeal to a larger range of readers than its elder contemporaries. It is embellished with sketchy little illustrations, somewhat after the fashion of modern French periodicals, and counts a goodly company of contributors on its staff. The most interesting articles are "The State of Europe and the Position of England," by Sir Charles Dilke, whose opinions on our naval and military deficiencies are well worth reading just now; "M. Zola's Idée Mère," by Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose analysis of the great realist's earlier works makes them appear even more repulsive than they deserve; "General Boulanger," by Emily Crawford, who shows a delightfully feminine partiality for her subject because his "devotion to women makes a gentleman of him;" and "The Royal Academy," by the Editor, who certainly spares neither friend nor foe in his criticism on the year's work on the walls of Burlington House. Finance is treated anonymously in an article on "English Investors and American Securities," Politics in the "Reform of the House of Lords" is dealt with by the Earl of Pembroke, there is an article in French—"La Musique dans Balzac"—by Louis De Fourcad, Alphonse Daudet's scathing satire on the Académie "L'Immortel" is begun in an English translation, while Poetry is well represented by contributions from Mr. Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,469 deaths were registered, against 1,360 during the previous seven days, a rise of 109, being 129 below the average, and at the rate of 179 per 1,000. There were 18 deaths from measles (a fall of 4), 13 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 29 from diphtheria (a fall of 14), 64 from whooping-cough (a rise of 12), 12 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 1), and not one from ill-defined forms of fever, typhus, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 296 (a rise of 36, and were 11 below the average). Thirteen cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,364 births registered, being 311 below the average.

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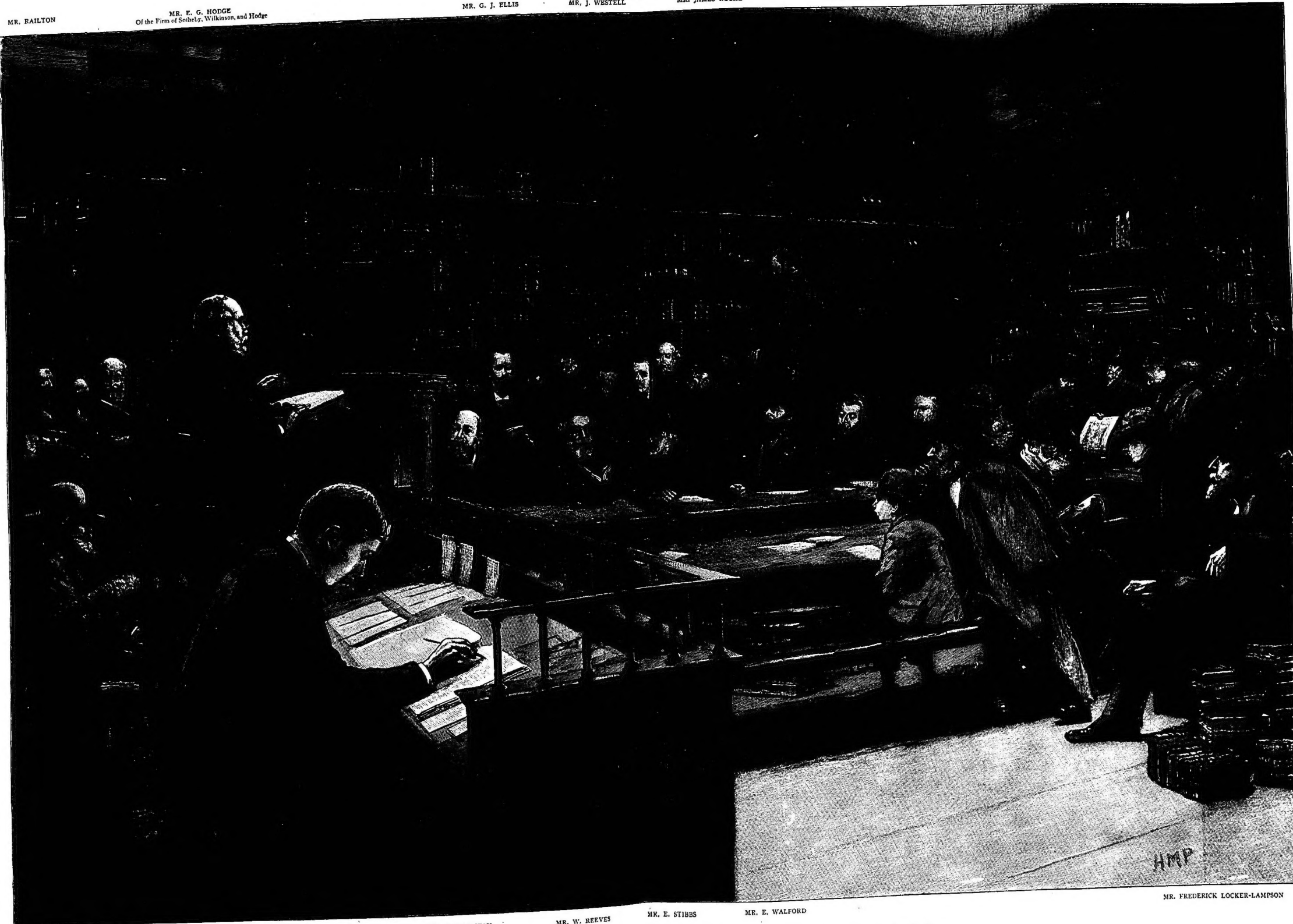
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A BOOK-SALE AT SOTHEBY'S AUCTION-ROOM



THERE is little change in the general European situation this week, but there are not wanting signs that the feelings of hostility between the three central Powers, Germany, Italy, and Austria, on the one part, and France and Russia on the other, are becoming yet more accentuated. Austria is taking still further precautionary measures in Galicia, and is highly indignant at a Montenegrin raid into Herzegovina, which is considered to have been part and parcel of the recent abortive attempt to bring about a rising in Serbia. Germany is egging on Austria to lose no time in completing her armaments, is maintaining a brisk paper war with Russia, and on Tuesday a semi-official communiqué to the *North German Gazette* administered a sharp rebuke to France. A German traveller had recently encountered some difficulty with the authorities on the French frontier. Commenting upon the German remonstrances, the *Pays* remarked that there was no reason why France should be less mistress in her own house than "Germany is in the country which is so little her own." To this the Berlin organ replies:—"This is meant to apply to Alsace-Lorraine. It is indeed high time to point out finally in a manner which cannot be misunderstood that Alsace-Lorraine belongs to Germany wholly and entirely." On Wednesday the Germans proceeded from words to action, and a Ministerial decree was issued ordaining that any foreign traveller entering Germany from France must be provided with a passport *visé* by the German Ambassador at Paris—a pleasant look-out for tourists during the ensuing summer. Italy also has had a fling at France in the form of a published letter from a well-known Italian Senator, the Marquis Alfieri, who, treating of the alliance with Germany, sums up the situation in pronouncing the broad judgment of the masses to be that "Germany wishes peace in order to preserve what she has taken, France wishes war to recover what she has lost." He also protests against the French taunts which are so constantly directed against the Italian Monarchical Constitution, the formation of Italian unity, the "irrevocable possession of Rome—our capital—and the abolition of the temporal Power." These questions the Marquis declares are purely and exclusively Italian, and as long as the French Press and the French Tribune continue to deal with them, the Italian people and their Government "will remain defiant, and will not believe in the sincerity of words of reconciliation coming from the other side of the Alps; in short, we wish to live quietly at home." To turn to that threatened battlefield, the Balkan Peninsula, Prince Ferdinand appears to have had a genuinely successful tour, and the *Times* correspondent who accompanied the Prince writes, "There can be no mistaking the meaning of these demonstrations. The people are determined to stand by the Prince of their own choosing, and to resist foreign dictation." As for Russia, the St. Petersburg journals are resuming their fire-eating tone towards Germany, and are endeavouring to divert England's mind from Europe and the Balkans by once more calling attention to Central Asia, where it is generally thought that a fresh coup of some importance is in preparation, probably directed against Afghanistan. General Soboleff's recently published avowal of Russian aims has also attracted universal attention, particularly his announcement that the opening of the new railroad to Samarkand is the beginning of the end, and that this end is to be the coming campaign against India!

FRANCE is still absorbed in Boulangerism, and half the country continues to ridicule the General as a mountebank, while the remainder worship him as a hero, and the coming saviour of his nation. Not, however, that his closest partisans can give any idea of what definite plan of salvation he has in view. "Open your mouth, shut your eyes, and see what Boulanger will give you," they say. Or in other words, "Make him all powerful, and then wait and see." Meanwhile the General is busily but quietly working at Paris, in readiness for the "psychological moment" when he is to launch forth his expected manifesto in the Chamber. Political circles, however, have been exceptionally quiet this week, owing to the Whitsun holidays, which, thanks to the fine weather, have been even gayer than usual. Even in holiday time, however, the Parisians are not allowed to forget the *brav* General, and the loungers on the boulevards were started on Monday by hearing the newsboys suddenly cry out "The Proclamation of the Emperor George the First and List of His New Ministry." Another political skit was "Boulanger's coup d'état," in which ten columns were devoted to the description of an imaginary seizure of power by the General, written after the fashion of Hugo's "History of a Crime." Other popular topics of the day have been the visit of the Lord Mayor to Paris in connection with the organisation of the British Section of the forthcoming Exhibition, a discovery of a large number of forged 500 and 50 franc notes, and a great meeting, convened on Wednesday by MM. Clemenceau, Joffrin, and Ranc, to organise a strong and homogeneous Republican Party. At this meeting the following profession of faith was adopted, declaring that "agreement between all Republicans is necessary to put an end to the Boulangerist adventure, so humiliating to the country. . . . We are determined to employ every means to prevent a Cæsarist reaction. A Republican, not a Bonapartist, revision of the Constitution is necessary; but revision alone will not suffice. We must pursue the progressive realisation of all constitutional, political, and social reforms. Such is our aim. We found a Society of the Rights of Man and Citizen." The chief theatrical novelty has been *Le Cœur Rouge*, by the well-known Communist heroine Louise Michel, at the Batignolles. The Censor cut out two acts of the piece, and when the author had written another to fill the hiatus, kept the MS. until three o'clock in the afternoon of the day on which it was played, so that the natural incoherence of the piece was increased tenfold. The audience were most noisy throughout, and imitations of animals and topical cries completely prevented the performance from being heard. Finally, on the appearance of a colonel on the stage, the audience broke out into the everlasting strain—"C'est Boulanger, lange, lange; c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut," which continued to the end—the *Figaro* critic aptly remarking, "Boulanger a étouffé Louise Michel."

IN GERMANY the improvement in the Emperor's health has continued, the difficulty of swallowing has almost disappeared, and he has been able to spend a great portion of the day in the open air. On Saturday the Emperor took a country drive with the Empress, being greeted with the most tremendous enthusiasm. He wore the undress uniform of a Prussian General, and looked fairly well. The carriage was literally pelted with flowers, and one lady missing her aim, and the bouquet falling to the ground, the Emperor stopped the carriage, and held out his hand for the bouquet, which the lady picked up and gave to him. On Sunday the Emperor repeatedly showed himself to the crowd at the window, and sent out a special message that he wished his loyal Berliners a happy Whitsuntide, and on Wednesday he drove into Berlin, when the scene of enthusiasm was repeated. If all goes well, the Emperor will remove to Schloß Friedrichskron, Wildpark, near Potsdam, on the 1st of June. Prince Henry's wedding—the arrangements for which we give elsewhere—was to take place in the Palace Chapel on Thursday.

IN SPAIN the Barcelona Exhibition was opened on Sunday with great ceremony by the Queen Regent in the name of her son, King

Alfonso XIII. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Genoa, and Prince Rupert of Bavaria were present, together with all the foreign Ambassadors and the chief notabilities of the kingdom. The little King, who was dressed in white and carried by an Asturian nurse, was placed upon the throne, and sat perfectly self-possessed throughout the ceremony, his little sisters sitting on the steps, and his mother on his left hand, the Duke of Edinburgh sitting on his right. Señor Sagasta, at the Queen's request, declared the Exhibition open. The Queen entertained the Duke and Duchess in the evening, there was a gala performance at the Opera afterwards and next day the Duke of Edinburgh left with the British fleet for Gibraltar.

IN TURKEY there has been an inaugural ceremony of another nature—that of the line of rail which connects Salonica with Vranja, and thence with Western Europe. A special train left Belgrade on Friday week, with a number of European officials and guests, and halted for the night at Nish, where there was a grand banquet. Next day the journey was continued, and when the station of Ristovac, on the Turkish frontier, was reached, the visitors descended, were met by the Turkish Commission, who had come by train from Salonica, and the opening ceremony was performed—the President ordering the last rail to be laid in its place, and driving in one of the nails himself. Three sheep were then sacrificed by a mollah, who duly prayed for Allah's blessing on the new line—"Might all evil destined to this work be transferred to the animals just sacrificed, and might their blood wash away all blemish from it." The whole party then continued their journey to Salonica, where the completion of the first through line to Turkey from Western Europe was celebrated by the inevitable banquet—the Sultan's health being proposed by M. Aubaret, of the Eastern Railway Company, who took the chair. There are unfortunately few signs, however, of any anxiety on the part of the Turks to complete their portion of the direct line from the West to Constantinople *via* Bulgaria and Adrianople. The relations between the Bulgarian Exarch, or Chief of the Bulgarian Church, and the Porte are greatly strained, owing to the Sultan's persistent refusal to grant firmans to Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia, where the Bulgarian population, it is stated, cannot put up with the pressure of the Greek clergy acting under the authority of the Phanar Patriarchate, which the Bulgarians disown.

IN INDIA Ayoub Khan has arrived at Rawul Pindi, where he was courteously received by the authorities. His allowance will be 25,000 rupees a month. Much apprehension is expressed in commercial circles at the further decline of the rupee to 1s. 4d., and, unless some remedy be found for this continued depreciation, it is feared that there may be serious financial troubles in store. There has been some sharp fighting between our troops of the Sikkim Expedition and the Tibetans, who attacked our forces at Gnatong on Wednesday, being eventually driven back with a loss of 100 killed. Our casualties amounted to three killed and seven wounded. From BURMA we hear of the usual dacoit raids and military expeditions. General Low has his hands full with the rebellious Chins, while this week fresh disturbances are reported from the Shan States. Trade with Upper Burma is said to be extremely depressed, owing to the renewal of the disturbances and the recent fires. No fewer than ten steamers and twenty flats belonging to the Flotilla Company are now lying idle at Rangoon.

There have been serious floods in the UNITED STATES. The Mississippi last week rose to a greater height than has been known since 1877, and overflowed its banks in Illinois, inundating an enormous track of country, destroying crops, sweeping away farms and villages, and giving the inhabitants barely time to escape to the Bluffs, transforming a fertile valley into a waste of waters. From Quincy, Illinois, to Hannibal and below, the river became a roaring torrent fifteen miles wide. The inhabitants, perfectly destitute, huddled together on the Bluffs, drenched with the pelting rain and all but famished. On Monday the waters were abating, and relief committees were being busily organised, but much distress and sickness prevailed amongst the victims.

AUSTRALASIA is still absorbed in the Chinese immigration controversy. The New South Wales Legislative Assembly last week passed Sir Henry Parkes' Restriction Bill at one sitting. This measure raised the poll-tax from 10s. to 100s., restricted the number of Chinese passengers to be brought over in each vessel, and only permitted Chinese to reside and travel in five defined areas. The Legislative Council, however, refused to suspend the Standing Orders to facilitate the passing of the Bill, and the second reading was to take place on Wednesday. By a writ of *habeas corpus* also, certain Chinamen who had been prevented from landing at Sydney were allowed to do so, the Judges unanimously holding that the detention of the men was illegal, the Queen's power to exclude foreigners from her dominion not being vested in the Governor of the colony. A number of Chinamen, however, will be sent back to their own country, compensation being paid them by the Government. At Melbourne, also, Chinamen have been permitted to land on payment of the poll-tax. In New Zealand the House of Representatives has passed a special Bill dealing with the question, and in South Australia a telegram has been received from Lord Knutsford, stating that the joint remarks of the Colonies would assist the Imperial Government in their negotiations upon the Chinese immigration question and offering to telegraph the principal points of discussion between the British and Chinese Governments on the subject if the proposed Australian conference is held.

IN DENMARK the King opened the great Scandinavian Exhibition at Copenhagen on Friday week, and in BELGIUM the British section of the Brussels Exhibition was formally inaugurated on Saturday.—CANADA has been wishing farewell to Lord Lansdowne, an Address regretting his departure being voted by the Dominion Parliament, which was subsequently prorogued by the Viceroy on Wednesday.



THE QUEEN has gone to Scotland. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and their children returned to Windsor in order to accompany Her Majesty, and up to the time of their arrival the Duchess of Albany and Princess Louise kept the Queen company at the Castle. The Prince of Wales lunched with Her Majesty at the end of last week, when the Queen received Sir Horace Rumbold on his appointment as Minister to the Hague, and gave a diplomatic dinner-party, including the new Minister, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires and Madame Catalani, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and the Earl of Fife. On Saturday night Prince and Princess Christian and Lord Rowton dined with Her Majesty, and next morning the Queen and Princess Louise attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. Prince and Princess Henry and children arrived in the afternoon from their three weeks' visit to the Prince's parents at Jugenheim, near Darmstadt, and next morning Princess Louise and Lord Lorne left the Castle. Her Majesty started for Balmoral on Monday night, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Victoria and

Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. The Royal party took tea at Leamington, breakfasted at Perth on Tuesday morning, and reached Ballater early in the afternoon, whence they drove to Balmoral amidst the usual loyal greetings from a guard of honour and the chief authorities of the neighbourhood. Prince Henry and his children rejoined the Queen and Princess later, after spending a short time in London. Thursday was Her Majesty's sixty-ninth birthday, which was kept in the Highlands quietly, as usual, the official celebration taking place on June 2. Only three British Sovereigns since the Conquest have exceeded the Queen's age—Queen Elizabeth and Georges II. and III.

The Prince of Wales went down to Sheerness on Saturday, accompanied by Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to inspect the Norfolk Artillery Militia, and the Third Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, stationed there for practice. The Princes witnessed the heavy gun drill and firing practice, and lunched with the officers before returning to town. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales went to the opera. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess and daughters attended Divine Service, and later they entertained at lunch the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Next day the Prince of Wales went to Kempton Park races, and in the evening he left town for Berlin to attend the marriage of Prince Henry and Princess Irene, travelling *via* Queensborough and Flushing. He reached Berlin on Tuesday evening, and was met at the station by the Crown Prince, Prince Henry, and the Hereditary Princes of Saxe-Meiningen, and thence drove to the British Embassy. The Princess and daughters remain in town, and went to the opera on Monday night with Prince George of Greece. The Prince will unveil the statue of Sir Bartle Frere on the Thames Embankment Gardens on June 5, and has promised to open the new gymnasium of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall, on June 6. The Prince and Princess will also open the New Great Northern Central Hospital in the Holloway Road on June 25.—Prince Albert Victor will open a new lock on the Ouse at Naburn, near York, on June 25.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse was to be celebrated in the Charlottenburg Chapel on Thursday. The bride-elect, with her father, brother, and youngest sister, travelled from Darmstadt in State on Wednesday, receiving official welcomes from the Prussian authorities at the principal towns, and a hearty greeting at Berlin. The Imperial family met the Princess at Charlottenburg, where the park was lighted up with coloured lamps, and numerous guests had assembled, including the Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge of Russia—sister and brother-in-law to Princess Irene. Owing to Emperor Frederick's health the wedding ceremony on Thursday was to be as quiet as possible, while the size of the chapel further prevented many guests being invited. The bride was to wear numerous Crown jewels, and a special brilliant diadem made for the occasion, which the Empress will herself place on the head of her new daughter-in-law. After the Civil Act of Marriage had been signed at noon, the religious ceremony was to be performed by the Court chaplain, Dr. Kögel, guns being fired when the bride and bridegroom exchange rings. The actual Royal breakfast party number forty, while 240 minor guests would be entertained in another apartment, and the newly married pair would then leave to spend their honeymoon at Schloss Erdmannsdorf, in Silesia.

The Emperor of Brazil has had a relapse, and is in a most critical condition.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The brilliant opening of the Italian opera season we have already recorded. Save on Whit Monday, when the Bank holiday apparently rendered folks nervous about leaving home, the audiences have continued large. Down to the time that he left for Berlin the Prince of Wales attended every performance, and a large sprinkling of the aristocracy have nightly been found in the stalls and boxes. Italian opera in this country has always largely depended for its success upon the leaders of society, and now that this most agreeable form of amusement has again become the fashion, a new spell of prosperity seems open to it.

La Traviata was given on Thursday last week for the reappearance of Miss Ella Russell, who gave a highly interesting, although, in the death scene in the last act, a somewhat sensational rendering of the part of Violetta. Signor D'Andrade was the elder Germont, and Signor Ravelli the lover. Mr. Harris mounted Verdi's much-abused work with great luxury. The supper scene was veritably a banquet, the good things apparently being much enjoyed by hungry and thirsty choristers. But the most tasteful scene of all was that at the ball, where the lovely Pompadour gowns were greatly admired. The opera was conducted by Signor Randegger, who seems to have far more command over the orchestra than his confrère Signor Mancinelli.

On Saturday one of the most brilliant audiences of this or the past few seasons was attracted by the reappearance of Madame Albani in *Faust*. The popular *prima donna* sang at her best, and although Mr. Harris sets his face against encores, a repetition of the Jewel Song was unavoidable. Save as to Madame Trebelli, an excellent Siebel, the cast was anything but strong, and the name of the tenor, M. de Reims, now seems to have been withdrawn from the programmes, perhaps until he recovers from an indisposition, which affects his intonation. Once more a brave show was made in the scenes of the Easter Festivities, and of the return of the German Army, the spectacle of the large force of horse and foot soldiery being particularly fine. In this opera Mr. Harris, for the first time, utilised his extra chorus, seventy picked vocalists from our amateur choirs reinforcing the ordinary choristers of the theatre, and thus the *Kermesse* scene and the Soldiers' Chorus was rendered by a chorus of about one hundred and fifty singers, with a most imposing effect.

On Monday *Don Giovanni* reintroduced Miss Sigrid Arnoldson, who last year won a success which she now hardly repeated. The young Swedish lady was, however, somewhat heavily handicapped, as the part of Zerlina is at Covent Garden peculiarly identified with the name of Madame Adeline Patti. Signor d'Andrade (in place of Signor Cotogni) was the Don, Signor Navarini the Leporello, and Madame Fürsch-Madi the Donna Anna. Miss Margaret McIntyre had been announced to play Donna Elvira, for the first time, but, as she was hoarse, her place was taken at the shortest possible notice by an American lady, Madame Rolla, who, at her native town of Wheeling, in West Virginia, and in other parts of the United States, attained renown under her maiden name of Miss Kate Wheate. The new comer has a powerful "dramatic" soprano voice, is obviously an artist of experience, and achieved a most gratifying success.

Madame Albani again sang on Tuesday in *Rigoletto*. Her Gilda was, as usual, an admirable performance, and Signor Ravelli (who replaced M. de Reims) was quite in his element in the part of the pleasure-loving Duke. Signor d'Andrade, as the Jester, once more showed himself a thoroughly conscientious, if somewhat conventional, artist. The Maddalena was a *débutante*, Madame Zepilli-Villani. The lady is obviously a born actress, and she

CRICKET.—Up to Wednesday the Australians had played five matches, won them all, and (this is the most remarkable feature) all but one in a single innings. Since we last wrote they have beaten Oxford University by an innings and 19 runs, and Yorkshire by an innings and 64. McDonnell made 105 against the 'Varsity, for which Rashleigh made 48 and 37, both excellent innings; while against the county, for which Ulyett batted best with 20 and 24, Bonnor quickly knocked up 94. Turner and Ferris continue to do practically all the bowling for the colonists. Ulyett's long and excellent service to his county was recognised on Tuesday by the

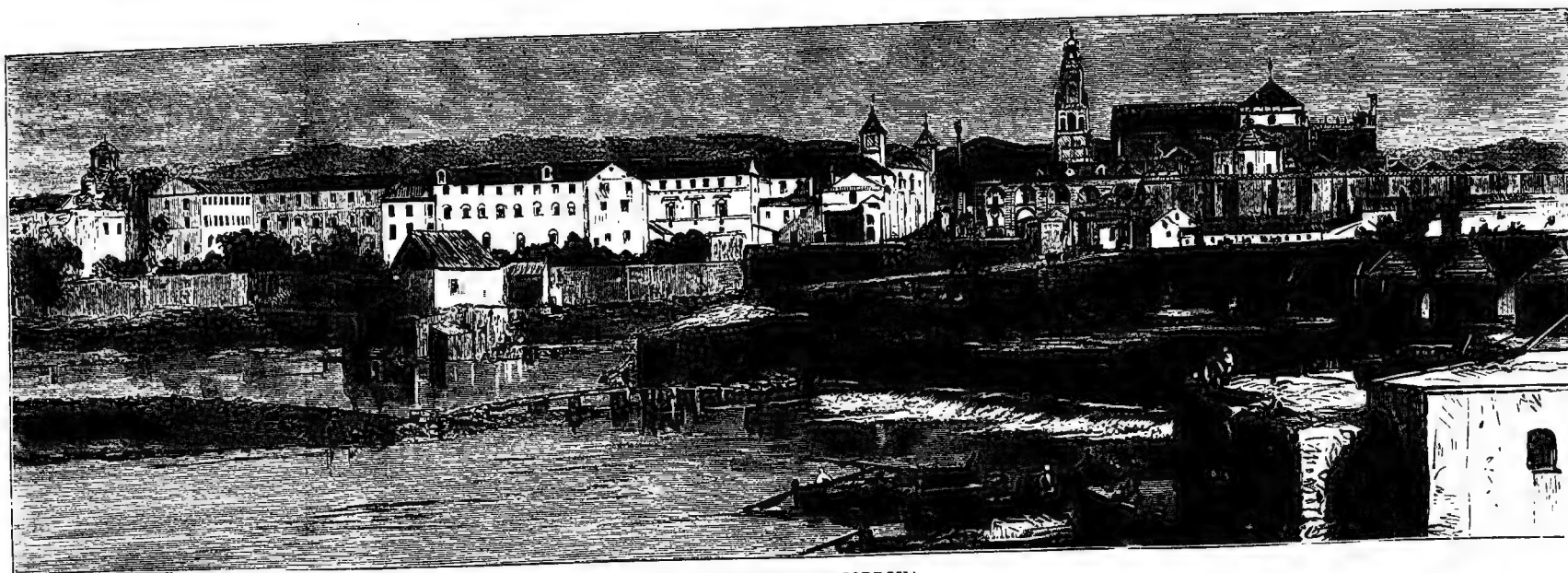


DR. J. G. MIDDLETON

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(Dr. Middleton's Solicitor)

SEÑOR DON PEDRO REY
(Dr. Middleton's Counsel)

DON SIGISMONDO DEL MORAL
(President of the Court)



GENERAL VIEW OF CORDOVA



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL



THE CATHEDRAL TOWER
(The Cross marks the Spot where the Struggle took place between Dr. Middleton and the Gipsy)

THE TRIAL OF DR. MIDDLETON AT CORDOVA, SPAIN, FOR THE MURDER OF A GIPSY



MONASTERY OF HAGIOS VARLANI



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL MONASTERIES



MONASTERY OF HAGIA TRIAS



KALABAK

THE MONASTERIES OF METEORA, KALABAK, THESSALY

presentation to him of a testimonial amounting to 1,000l. Cambridge University beat Gentlemen of England by six wickets, but were just defeated by M.C.C. Oxford beat Gentlemen of England. Surrey defeated Gloucestershire by an innings and 37 runs. For the champion county Mr. W. W. Read made 80, and M. Read 64, while Lohmann took twelve wickets for 66. Surrey also defeated Notts, and Kent beat Lancashire, while Sussex and Gloucestershire played a draw. Dr. W. G. Grace contributed 215 to the 428 of Gloucestershire, while J. Hide with 130, and Mr. C. A. Smith with 85, were the chief contributors to the 354 of the Southern county.

There has been plenty of tall scoring in minor matches. We may mention the 485 of Bickley Park (A. M. Streatfield 110, and Rev. R. T. Thornton 123) against the Crystal Palace, and the 550 of Dover Garrison against Barnes.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—The annual contest between Woolwich and Sandhurst ended in favour of the latter by seven-and-a-half events to one-and-a-half. T. V. Pitman won no less than four races, the 100 Yards, Quarter, Half-Mile, and Mile, all in fair time. Scott caught Hibberd, whose exertions in the early part of the week told upon him, on the fourth day of the Walking Race at the Agricultural Hall, and eventually won easily, doing 363 miles 6 laps in the 72 hours (record). Hibberd was second with 337 miles, and four others walked more than 300.

THE BILLIARD SEASON practically ended on Saturday last with the conclusion of the match between Peall and Mitchell, which the former, who gave his opponent 1,000 in 15,000, all in, won by 2,653 points.

CYCLING.—Howell beat F. Wood, lately returned from the Antipodes, in a Ten Miles' Race on Saturday.



THE SEASON.—Whitsuntide has been blessed with brilliant sunshine and a pleasant breeze. The holiday-making millions have had their first summer "outing," and we may fairly hope that less than the usual amount of colds and general indisposition has been the result. Even in London the season is pleasant, the backward plane trees of the Embankment have at last clothed themselves in a very fresh and agreeable green, while the parks are not only beautiful, but also vocal with the songs of a surprising number of birds. In the country, where a good plant of barley and oats was secured, the spring corn is now showing above the surface a regular and healthy growth, and a strong blade. Both beans and peas are also showing well. The plant of wheat is reported to be thin and unsatisfactory in many parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, but from Lincolnshire we hear that wheat on good sound land is a remarkably healthy plant, and is fast regaining the fine colour which it lost in April. From the great Fen districts of Huntingdon and Cambridge the reports unfortunately are very adverse. An extraordinary area of wheat-sown fen land has failed, and been ploughed up, white mustard or barley replacing it. In the opinion of practical judges the wheat crop in the Fens is likely to be the worst known since 1879. From Dorsetshire a correspondent writes, "Most of the clovers were fed, and, having a dry time, there will be little grass in our pastures; consequently we must only look forward to a short cut of hay this year. Some quantity of our ley ground wheat has been ploughed up, and sown with barley and oats, but some wheat looks well. Lent corn is thin, but greatly refreshed by the recent rain." From Wales we hear that the lambing season has been a success, that the orchards are rich in pear and apple bloom, that pheasants are laying, and that partridges are evidently plentiful, and intent on nesting. The swift, the last of our spring birds, reappeared this year about 14th May.

FARM MANAGEMENT.—At a meeting of the Altrincham Agricultural Society last week, a proposition was made by Mr. C. Sherwin, of Ashley Hall, that the Society should offer prizes for the best-managed farms within the district. It is to be regretted that the resolution was defeated, though not by a large majority. The Royal Society already give such prizes, and probably in no way could local societies better follow the leading Society's example than in this of offering prizes for the best-managed local farms.

THE WHARFEDALE SHOW just held was the ninetieth held in connection with this old and important Society. It was a brilliant success, upwards of seven thousand persons being present. Many observers thought the show of stock the best on record, while that this was so with respect to the poultry and dogs was practically conceded on all sides. That the show of horses was first-rate may almost be described as remarkable, for the entries of horses from counties other than Yorkshire were for the first time refused, as were also the entries of dealers.

THE NEWARK SHOW was held in delightful weather, and attracted much attention. The hunters were an especially fine lot, unquestionably the finest ever exhibited at Newark. The entries of all stock numbered 414, against 382 last year, there being a notable increase in the number of hunters and roadsters, though the purely agricultural horses were not so numerous as formerly. The show of implements was small but interesting, a new self-raking reaper being shown by Messrs. Edlington of Gainsborough, and a patent self-acting creamer of Messrs. Lockyer's attracting some notice. There was a competition of agricultural carts, which was much noticed. The workmanship of each and all was admirable. The first prize was gained by Mr. R. Brown of Norwell, this being the sixth time in which a similar honour has been awarded him at the Newark Show. The entries of butter, eggs, and poultry displayed an increase on last year, but the entries of cheese were rather less than in 1887.

THE SOMERSET SHOW was a great success, the weather being perfect and the attendance large. The Devon cattle were not quite up to expectation, but the Shorthorns were good; Mr. Brierley's "Ruckley" and Mr. Game's "Prince of Aldworth" coming out in excellent form. The show of agricultural horses was small, but the hunters were both interesting and numerous. In sheep, the largest display was found in the shearing ram class of the Devon long-wool breed, there being no fewer than sixteen entries. The breed is said to be steadily gaining ground in Somerset and Devon. A few Hampshire sheep were shown, and fine quality compensated for scanty entries. There was a good show of Berkshire pigs, as also of the large black breed indigenous to Devon and Somerset. There was an interesting butter-making competition. Quality was high throughout the Show, but the entries on the whole might well have been larger in most departments.

GRAIN SALES at one hundred and eighty-seven country markets for the month of April equalled 180,620 qrs. of wheat, 27,942 qrs. of barley, and 14,583 qrs. of oats. In April, 1887, the sales were 234,759 qrs. of wheat, 83,712 qrs. of barley, and 22,358 qrs. of oats; while in 1886 they were 213,269 qrs. of wheat, 82,127 qrs. of barley, and 22,183 qrs. of oats. It is evident from these figures that but for the influence excited by the great port markets, the rise in grain prices during April would have been much greater than was actually the case. The April averages were 30s. 4d. for wheat and the same for barley, and 15s. 11d. for oats. In April, 1887, wheat was 2s. 5d., in 1886 3d., in 1885 3s. 8d., and in 1884 7s. 1d. dearer than in the present year, but barley, although dearer in 1885 and 1884 than it is now, was cheaper in 1887 and 1886. Oats are now

cheaper than they have been for a great many years, the large imports from Russia and Sweden exercising the most depressing influence upon the home trade.

IRELAND.—Dr. Williams is of opinion that in the reforestation of Ireland is to be found an important remedy for the depressed condition of Irish agriculture. Roughly speaking, he says, Ireland may be described as a flat or wavy-bottomed basin of mountain limestone, surrounded by a rim of mountains indented with fiords and estuaries running up to valleys forming river courses. Timber grown on the slopes of these hills could be shot down wooden slides like those in the Tyrol, in Norway, and other timber-growing regions, and thus launched at once by gravitation into rivers or estuaries, from which they would be collected and shipped at trivial cost. It would be very poor forestry indeed that on the area capable of being advantageously planted with timber did not return 11,000,000l. per annum. Of course, a large proportion of this would be expended in wages for labour and other outlay, but a substantial margin would still remain for profit if the work were well-managed.

SCOTLAND.—Night frosts are still experienced, but the cattle are being turned out owing to the growth of the pastures. Grass has been slow in coming up, but there is, as a rule, what is known as a capital "sole" of grass, and that there is plenty of vitality in the pastures has been well enough shown by the rapid growth resulting from the few recent warm days. The moisture in the soil is mostly sufficient, and the increased heat since May came in has been supplying "the one thing needful" to a good and late growth. During the past fortnight there has been a rise in the price of beef, while store cattle now generally command an advance on last year's prices. Sheep are also selling well; at Inverness last week up to 46s. 9d. being made. For good mutton 8d. per lb. is just now a common price in Scotland, being a halfpenny per lb. rise from a year ago.

THE WHITSUN MONDAY CARTHORSE PARADE this year was in the Regent's Park, under special permission. The horses, harness, carts, waggons, and conduct of the exhibition were very creditable to men, masters, and subscribing patrons, and gratified a critical public. This parade is a welcome addition to Metropolitan annual spectacles.



SOMBRE in tone and tragic in dénouement, the new romantic play entitled *The Ben-my-Chree* at the PRINCESS'S ran no little risk of provoking that outburst of disappointment with which audiences in these days are wont to resent a too-decided attempt to harrow their feelings and depress their spirits. Yet it secured a highly favourable reception, and is started upon what appears to be a fairly prosperous career. Something of this fortunate result must be attributed to the popularity of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake. The spectators were manifestly glad to welcome them once more on the scene of their former triumphs, and the rumour that on the success of the present venture depends in great degree the question whether the Princess's shall come again into Mr. Wilson Barrett's hands—not merely for that eight weeks' season which is all that is officially promised, but as a permanent possession—may well be supposed to have given force to that great demonstration of satisfaction of which on the first night all parties concerned came in for some share. Nevertheless, there is abundant reason to wish that this dramatic version of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Deemster," which has been produced by the joint labours of the novelist and Mr. Wilson Barrett, had possessed more of the elements of enduring popularity. It is not merely that the piece is gloomy and painful, and lacking in the relief which the experienced melodramatist is careful to introduce. It is an unsympathetic story crowded with characters who do many energetic and picturesque things, but have the unpardonable defect of not being recognisably human. Between the Deemster, who exults over the cruel distresses of his own daughter, and the Bishop, who sentences his own son to life-long outlawry, with the alternative of death, there is little to choose in this respect. Nor is the Bishop's erratic son, the Manx fisherman-hero Dan Mybrea, who, a prey to remorse for having slain his sweetheart's brother, suffers this sentence rather than reveal the real facts of the case, less wanting in the common attributes of humanity. Manx law, with its extemporised trials on the Tynwald, and its conflict of ecclesiastical and civil jurisdictions, is not quite easy to understand, even with the aid of the archaeological notes supplied in the programme, but it may be assumed that it made some distinction between premeditated and unprovoked assassination and homicide that hardly amounted to more than morally justifiable self-defence. Dan has not been guilty, after all, of placing that stain upon the honour of the heroine which her saturnine brother imagines; nor is it his fault that the latter forces a quarrel, or, rather, makes a murderous attack upon him. Of the two, the spectator therefore is rather glad to see the aggressor fall, and though it is natural that Dan should grieve, it is not easy to understand why he should not tell a plain, unvarnished tale. Remorse and voluntary expiation of a misdeed are very well in their way, but when they help to break the heart of a Bishop and a father, and to kill a heroine with the shock of learning that her lover is to be consigned to the gallows, it is impossible even for the most romantic spectator not to sigh for a little more common sense and sound feeling. It is with this sorrowful position of affairs—mitigated only by the subsequent appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett, safe and sound, in front of the curtain, in response to friendly acclamations—that *The Ben-my-Chree* comes to an end. Mr. Barrett, as the hero, acts with even more than his wonted energy and sense of the picturesque. His struggle with his implacable cousin in the second act is a thrilling piece of realism; and his communings in the lonely spot by the seaside, where, shunned by his fellow men, like De Maistre's "Leper of Aosta," he passes the weary hours in the society of his few dumb companions, is touching, though unfortunately it has no very direct influence on the story. Miss Eastlake's function as the heroine, on the other hand, falls short of that definition of a verb with which our schoolbooks have made us familiar, since she is not so much called upon "to do" as "to be and to suffer." In this, however, she acquits herself pathetically and with all her wonted force and animation. Next to these Mr. John Maclean, as the Bishop, grave, dignified and sonorous, won the sympathy of the audience. Mr. George Barrett's business in the part of an honest Manx fisherman devoted to the hero's interests is to be pathetic rather than humorous, which is so far a disadvantage for that popular actor. Of the other performers there is not much to be said in the way either of praise or blame. The play is beautifully mounted, and the whole performance gives evidence of careful preparation.

Mr. Wills's version of *Faust*, after many and lasting triumphs in the Old World and the New, has at last disappeared from the bill of the LYCEUM, and in its place we have now two pieces, in which Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry play, not together, but apart. Of Mr. Calmoun's poetical drama, entitled *The Amber Heart*, originally produced at a morning performance last summer, and of Miss Ellen Terry's impersonation of its heroine we have already said what we have to say, and have now only to record the fact that this

delightful actress played her original part of Ellaline on Wednesday evening with all her old charm and incomparable tenderness. We must carry our memory back further to recall the time when Mr. Irving presented himself last in the character of the criminal hero in the famous old melodrama of *Robert Macaire*, though we need not go so far as that period when, as yet unknown to fame, he was playing this striking part nightly at the St. James's. Once, at least, he has been since then in the rags and tatters—the "belles guenilles," as the great Frederick Lemaître was wont to say—of this picturesque embodiment of villainy. It was on the occasion of the performances for the benefit of the Royal College of Music, given under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales nearly five years ago, that he revived, for one afternoon only, the play which now takes its place as the afterpiece of the Lyceum bill. The impersonation proves to have lost nothing of its grotesque eccentricity, but it has at least one genuine touch of imaginative power, though the piece, which is a condensed version of the melodrama that Frederick Lemaître made so famous, is a little, or rather not a little, old-fashioned. Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Jacques Strop does not, of course, exhibit the comic force and humorous resource of Mr. Toole's never-to-be-forgotten performance, but it was droll and clever, and not wanting in artistic touches. Both pieces were received with favour by a house which could not have been more crowded or enthusiastic if the performances had possessed the charm of absolute novelty.

The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy has proved so great a success that the *matinées* at TERRY'S Theatre, originally intended to be limited to five only, are continued until further notice. Miss Vera Beringer as the little lord, and Mr. Bishop as the grandfather, seem even to increase their hold on the hearts of the audience.

Mr. Samuel French's audacious "Bulletins" have long proclaimed the fact that the town rights in that immensely diverting piece, *Les Surprises du Divorce*, have been placed in the hands of Mr. Hare. The English version, however, will not await the completion of "The Garrick" Theatre, but will be brought out at the new COURT by Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil in the autumn. Mrs. John Wood, as the sprightly and overpowering mother-in-law, promises boundless fun.

It is understood that the new nautical drama which is to succeed *The Bells of Haveremere* at the ADELPHI will be of the T. P. Cooke order—that is to say, will belong to the days when steam had not banished sails, or rams and turret-ships taken the place of our old wooden walls. Mr. Terriss will, of course, enact the hero, but the play will not be seen before the end of July or beginning of August.

Mr. Savile Clarke's "Tableaux Vivants" from stories of Hans Andersen at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition have proved a great success. Three representations are given daily.

The authors of the two rival versions of *The Scarlet Letter* are disputing the claim of priority, and legal proceedings are reported to be pending. One Hawthorne, an American author, is associated with the case, but he is dead, and this fact is apparently forgotten.

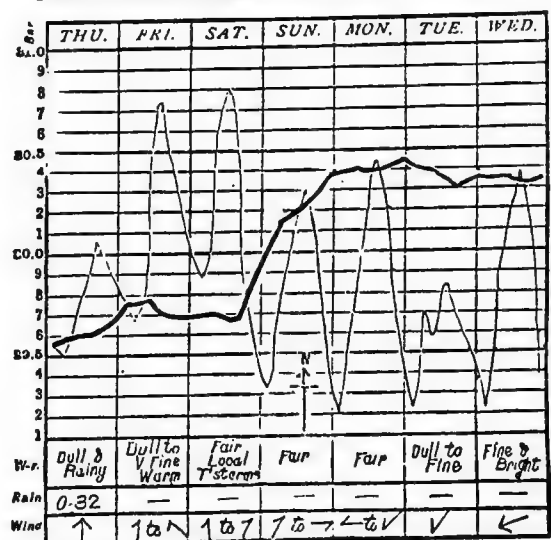
Ariane at the OPERA COMIQUE will reach its hundredth representation next Friday. *Masks and Faces*, with Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Peg Woffington, will then take its place pending the production of a new drama.

A revival of *The Squire*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in their original characters, will be the last incident of the present management.

At HENGLER'S CIRCUS, Argyll Street, there is at present an exhibition of Marionettes which is well worth a visit. The entertainment is indeed highly curious and entertaining, and to bring the performance to such a state of finish must have cost a great deal of labour. "The Royal Italian Marionette Company" go through operas in full costume—the singing being of course done for the puppets by persons behind the scenes. Some strain is thrown upon the imagination when a deep bass voice is heard, apparently issuing from the breast of a puppet less than two feet high, and the gesticulation of these funny little creatures is often curiously artificial. But the whole performance is done with admirable judgment and finish, and is probably much better than anything of the kind which has been seen in London for a long time.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1883



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (23rd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Isles during the early part of this week was dull, squally, and rainy, but subsequently became bright and dry while temperature, although fluctuating greatly, was, on the whole, rather high for the season. In the course of the first three days pressure was lowest off our West Coasts or over Ireland, while it was highest, broadly speaking, to the Eastward of our Islands. The winds were equally from the Southward, and the weather dull and rainy, but as temperature ruled high the conditions were of a very reasonable character. Thunderstorms occurred in many places both on Friday and Saturday (18th and 19th inst.), and were of distinct severity in some parts of Scotland on the latter date. By Sunday (20th inst.) the lowest pressures were transferred to the North of Scotland, while the barometer was rising briskly with a Westerly breeze, and a decided improvement in the weather generally. During the last three days of the period the weather over our Islands was under the influence of anticyclonic conditions, a large area of high pressure moving gradually North and East across the country in the wake of the depression, which was shown near the Shetlands on Sunday (20th inst.). The wind at this time fell light from various quarters of the compass in most places, but blew freshly from the North-Eastward along the South Coasts of England. The weather was fine, and the air dry, and temperature, although very changeable, was chiefly above the average. On Tuesday (22nd inst.), however, maxima were a few degrees below the mean at the South-Eastern Stations. The highest daily temperatures, which occurred on Saturday (19th inst.), ranged from 75° to 80° over a very large part of the country.

The barometer was highest (30.45 inches) on Monday (21st inst.); lowest (29.55 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); range 0.80 inch. The temperature was highest (76°) on Saturday (19th inst.); lowest (45°) on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (21st, 22nd, and 23rd inst.); range 31°. Rain fell on one day. Total fall 0.32 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.32 inch on Thursday (17th inst.).



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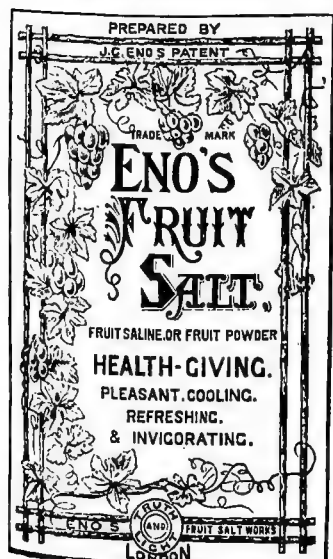
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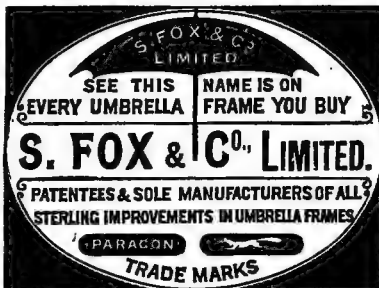
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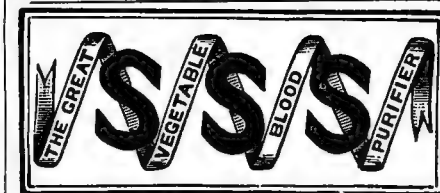
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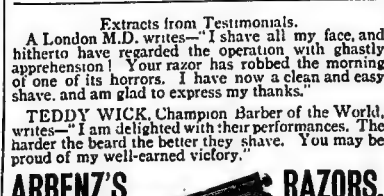
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DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"So help me Heaven," she cried, "what I have told you is the truth!"

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON HIS KNEES

If all the selfish people in the world had the sagacity to do as well for themselves as they intend to do, it would be bad for the rest of us. Fortunately their very egotism interferes with their well-being in all directions except that of money-getting. Your miser is a triumphant success from first to last: his youth has but one dream, and age, so far from quenching it, adds to its flame. But your mere man of pleasure, than whom no more selfish creature exists, is wont to throw away many chances beside the main one, from sheer incapacity for self-denial. Mr. Hugh Trevor, for example, had as fixed an intention to get everything there was to be got for himself, at whatever cost to other people, as any young fellow of his years; but, with all his selfishness, he had no self-restraint, without which a permanent prosperity is unattainable. His honest nature despised plots and stratagems, save those which presented themselves on the instant, for the immediate attainment of his ends. "The best of everything was good enough for him," but it was necessary he should have it at once, and this impatience—an attribute of Royal blood, but not so practicable in other people—often prevented his getting it.

The contempt with which Jenny Beeton had treated his attentions had wounded his *amour propre*; his native delicacy had also been aroused by certain remonstrances which Mr. Gurdon had ventured to make to him on this subject; and it was as much from pique as passion that he had promised her father to marry her. He did not mean to do it if he could help it, which John Beeton also clearly understood, and hence his suspicions when he found his daughter had left his roof. Unaware of what had really happened, Hugh had nevertheless connected the poacher's visit to the Court with this delicate subject. He concluded that Honest John (as he had been christened in the tap-room by some one not unpossessed of a rudimentary sense of humour) had on the whole thought more was to be made by making a clean breast of it to Sir Richard than by holding to his bargain with himself, or in other words that he had sold him. He was transported with rage at this breach of faith, a thing which annoys your rogue in the concrete much more than your moralist in the abstract, but was also filled with fear. Sooner or later he knew that the broad lands of Mirbridge must get into his own hands; but, in the mean time, he was dependent on the liberality of his father. Hitherto, thanks to the influence of his mother, this had been without stint; but it was quite possible that not only she might be unable to gloss over to Sir Richard such an affair as this, but that she might be unwilling to do so. He had told John Beeton

that he could wind his mother round his little finger, and it was no idle boast; but there were some things concerning which she was not so pliable. If she resented his flirtations with Clara Thorne, what would she say to his promise to marry Jenny Beeton? If he had done it, indeed, she would without doubt have moved Heaven and Earth to procure his father's forgiveness. From the nettle Danger he would have then plucked the flower Safety; but now there was no such urgent demand for her intervention. He well knew the hopes she entertained for his making a good marriage, though ignorant of the pressing reasons that prompted them for his own sake; and that, in doing what he had done, he had wounded her where she would feel it most. For the first time in his life he looked forward to meeting her with apprehension. The delay in her return increased his fears. The breakfast hour had long arrived, but he remained upstairs in his own sitting room unsummoned. There was nothing unusual in that, for it was his habit to be late, and no one ever ventured upon intruding on his privacy. He would have given much for a word with Gurdon, though he had now little liking for that gentleman, or even with his brother Charles. They could have at least told him what had taken place. Again and again he had heard the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard, the going and returning of the groom that had been sent for the doctor, and the doctor's arrival and departure; but the idea of anything being the matter in the way of illness had not occurred to him. He was not ill himself, and therefore there was no association of ideas to suggest it; he only vaguely felt that there was something wrong, and very wrong, in connection with his own affairs.

As hunger can tame a lion, so prolonged anxiety has a subjugating influence upon the most selfish nature. While awaiting the return of the jury you may see the muscles of his back at work—however he may brave it out elsewhere—in the most hardened criminal. If his mother had come back to him at once, Hugh had made up his mind how to receive her: he would have growled out, "Well, and what's up?" in the tones, if not of injured innocence, of one who has committed a peccadillo which has been absurdly magnified into a serious offence. But when at last she did come, with a look of displeasure upon her white face such as he had never seen there before, he rose from his chair alarmed, and with genuine solicitude inquired, "What on earth has happened, mother?"

"A great misfortune," she answered, sternly; "Heaven only knows how great, and it lies at your door."

That last phrase comforted him a little; for a misfortune at one's door is not like a misfortune that happens to oneself. A miss in such a case is almost as good as a mile.

"How so?" he asked, with much more of conciliation in his manner, however, than he was in the habit of using.

"The news John Beeton brought with him this morning has well-nigh killed your father."

"What news?"

It did not escape Lady Trevor that Hugh had replied to that part of her observation only that concerned himself, notwithstanding the nature of the tidings involved in the other. For an instant she saw her son as he really was.

"If you have a heart, Hugh, which I begin to doubt," she replied, significantly, "it is a hard one."

"Nay, mother, that is not so," he answered, with a pretence at cheerfulness. "I'm sorry if the governor has been upset about me, if that is what you mean; but if it is so, it is the softness of my heart that has done it. I know that I am too impressionable as regards the fair sex, and own at once that I was nearly making a fool of myself regarding Jenny Beeton. But there, since you take it to heart so much, I will never speak to the girl again, I give you my word of honour."

"That is a very small thing to say, even if you mean it," she answered, sternly. "She has gone out of harm's way—and your's—for ever."

"Great Heaven! Is she dead?" he said. For the first time his speech had feeling in it. There was even sympathy in his awestruck tones. The picture of the girl so full of life but yesterday, with life gone out of her, had presented itself to his mind, and, callous as it was, it shrank from the contemplation of it. This touch of tenderness, while it weakened his own defence, by no means softened his mother towards him; he could be affected then, it seemed, by the supposed loss of the plaything he had designed for himself, but to hear that his father was struck down on what might be his deathbed, and by his own unfilial hand, had moved him not a whit.

Next to this unworthy son of hers, Lady Trevor loved her husband, and the recollection of how she had just left him, pale and speechless, with that far-off look on his face which seems to say "Good-bye" to the world, was dragging at her heart-strings.

"The girl is not dead; but I would that she had never been born," she answered vehemently. "Did you not hear what I said about your father?"

"Well, of course; and did not I say that I was sorry?" he answered doggedly. "In his present state it takes very little to upset him, no doubt, or else I don't know what has happened that there should be such a fuss about it. There is no such great harm in flirting with a pretty girl, I suppose, especially when nothing has come of it: when the governor was my age, if all tales be true, he was not so immaculate, himself."

White to the lips, Lady Trevor sank into a chair, and covered her

face with her hands. Never surely, had reproach so bitter fallen from a thoughtless tongue. For the moment she was overwhelmed by it: her sin, as it seemed, for the first time had found her out, and was inflicting on her retribution indeed. The next moment the thought of what this weakness might cost her by arousing her son's suspicions flashed upon her mind, and galvanised her failing powers into life. Fortunately, Hugh, alarmed by her sudden prostration, was only solicitous to excuse himself. The observation he had made would have been disrespectful, and in the worst taste, at any time, but as he now perceived, must have been especially objectionable on account of his father's condition. "I am sorry I said anything to distress you," he murmured apologetically; and then after a pause, "Is the governor really so very ill?"

There was something, not only of incredulity, in the ring of his voice, but of indifference, and even harshness, which stung his mother to the quick, and, as an insult gives courage to the coward, moved her to unwonted action. Now was the time, it struck her—now, if ever, now when his spirit was at the lowest—to make terms with her unruly son.

"Your father is very ill," she answered, "and it behoves you, for your own sake, to make amends for your past ill-conduct to him—crowned as it is by this last act of reckless folly—while there is yet time."

"I don't know what you would have," he answered with a piqued irritation, through which, however, could easily be perceived a note of alarm. "What can a fellow say more than that he is sorry, and that the thing shall not occur again?" Then, when she kept silence, he added, with undisguised anxiety, "What do you mean by 'for my own sake'?"

"I was simply appealing to your self-interest, since that, it seems, is the only thing that has weight with you," she answered coldly. "My wishes have long been as dust in the balance, but you may find too late that in flying in the face of your father you have injured your prospects beyond redemption."

"I know what my prospects are, well enough," he answered stubbornly.

"You think you do, no doubt, and are even calculating, unnatural boy, upon the nearness of their realisation."

His face flushed with the consciousness of detected guilt, as he stammered out some vague denial.

"I wish I could believe you, Hugh," was her reproachful reply. "It is terrible to feel that the loss with which you are threatened should be associated with the thought of gain. Discard it from your heart, I warn you, lest it end—as it deserves to do—in disappointment and ruin."

The colour fled from his cheek, and left it pale with fear.

"Come, that's all nonsense about ruin," he murmured uneasily.

"I know what my own position is well enough," he answered firmly.

"That is just what you do not," she answered firmly. "It is an argument which I have no right to employ, and for the use of which I, at this moment, blame my foolish fondness—but as sure as you stand there, Hugh Trevor, you may find yourself to-morrow penniless and disinherited, if you do not mend your ways."

"Oh, come, I'm not going to be frightened by rubbish of that kind," he replied defiantly; "do you suppose Morris doesn't know?"

"Ask Morris at your peril. Ask your father, and as surely as the sun is in heaven you will hear what you would give your right hand not to be true. I say again that I do wrong in thus putting you on your guard. It is a breach of confidence beyond which I dare not go, though, if I did dare, it would bring you to your knees. You disbelieve me still?"

On a shelf near her there was a Bible; in old Sir Marmaduke's time every bedroom had been provided with one, though in Hugh's case it was probably a superfluous article of furniture. She took it down and kissed it. "So help me Heaven," she cried, "what I have told you is the truth!"

"But you have told me nothing," he said.

"I have told you all I dare, and more than I ought to tell."

Hugh's face was livid with rage and fear; fear had the upper hand, for he believed his mother's words—but his selfish nature prompted him to strike where no blow would be returned. "And for how much of this have I to thank you?" he snarled. It was a mere brutal outbreak, with no intention of any definite indictment; but the cruel dart went home. She answered nothing—only gazed at him despairingly, with beating heart, and parted lips. He took her silence, as well he might, for passionate reproach, and felt that he had gone too far. "Of course I know it is not your fault," he continued, grudgingly, "but you surely must have known of this, and might have warned me."

She shook her head.

"Then what is to be done?"

"Nothing; only be careful not to undo yourself. Take your own path, as you have hitherto done, and it must lead to ruin. Be guided by me, and all may yet be well."

"That means you want to have your own way."

"It does—but for your sake."

"All right: I'll say anything you please to the governor—apologise for anything—promise anything."

"You must not go near your father; to speak to him would be fatal—I mean to you," she added, quickly.

"Then I'll not go near him, that's easily settled," he answered, stolidly.

"Moreover, you must do nothing contrary to his wishes."

"I'll be careful of that, of course." He spoke with the air of a man with whom solicitude to please his parents was the rule of life.

"Yet it was only yesterday that you contemplated a low marriage."

"Well, that's all over. The girl's as good as dead so far as I'm concerned."

"Yes, but there is another girl—in a different position, it is true—but a union with whom would seriously injure your future. You must cease your attentions to Clara Thorne."

It was a bold stroke, and if matters had not been so well prepared for it, it would, without doubt, have beaten the air. Even as it was Hugh hesitated, and wore his most dogged look.

"What's the matter with her?" he muttered. "She's 'good enough,' I suppose, for anybody."

It was probable that he was not referring to the young lady's moral perfections, but to the social estimation in which she was universally held, and in this sense Lady Trevor took his remonstrance.

"That is a matter there is no necessity to discuss," she said. "I might point out that your position in the county would be injured by such a marriage; that she has no money, and so on, and it is quite likely that you would despise such arguments. The point is whether, on the very threshold of ruin, you will step back or forwards. It is not a question of my wish, remember, this time!"

"I don't want to be obstinate," said Hugh, doggedly. If a mule resolved not to move, or a pig bent upon going the other way, could have expressed submission in human speech, they would have used the same tone. "And if you are bent upon it, mother—"

"You may leave me out of the question," she put in, coldly. "It is a matter for your own consideration, Hugh. The day has gone by for offering you advice, or asking you to do anything to please me; but, as it seems to me, no great sacrifice is demanded of you. If you were ready to marry somebody else yesterday, your affections cannot be seriously engaged with this young lady. Nobody can be in love with two persons at once."

"Oh, can't they, though, by Jingol!" he answered, with the con-

tempt of sincere conviction. "What do you suppose people do in Mahomedan countries, where they have fifty wives?"

There was really something of logic in this rejoinder, but Lady Trevor ignored it.

"At all events, do I understand you to promise that matters shall go no further between you and Miss Thorne?"

"Yes, I do; so far as I am concerned," he added, as if moved by an after-thought.

"Then I will answer for the affair so far as she is concerned," observed Lady Trevor drily. "As your affections are now free, I hope you will permit them to take a less detrimental channel than they have hitherto followed. There is no menace in what I am going to say, but I must merely point out to you that the easiest way out of this very perilous position in which you have brought yourself, is to make yourself independent of all external circumstances, by marrying a woman of fortune."

"Such as Miss Mumchance, I suppose," remarked Hugh, grimly.

"I was not thinking of Miss Mumchance particularly," the last word, a tribute to the shrine of truth, was uttered with a little flush; "but she would be an excellent match for you. Miss Thorne tells me she is coming over to the Rectory this week, where of course you will have the opportunity of seeing her."

"To the Rectory?" said Hugh, irresolutely. It struck him, audacious though he was, that it would be a little awkward to pay his attentions to Miss Mumchance under Clara's eye.

Lady Trevor perceived his hesitation, and guessed his reason. It was a bitter thought that her son feared this girl's displeasure far more than her own. But she had to endure many such.

"I will take Miss Clara Thorne into my own hands," she said, significantly. "The course will be quite cleared for you, you will only have to make the running."

"All right," he answered, gloomily. "Don't say I have not done everything to please you."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CLARA GAINS AN ALLY

To an outsider, the fact of a worthless personage (or one whom he takes to be such) being "put up with" by his belongings at all is always a matter of surprise, while he treats the idea of his being beloved by any of them with scornful incredulity. One exception, indeed, he is willing to admit, that of a man's mother—she is not, he allows, in a position to judge of him, and is the mere slave of instinct; but as for all other women, "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," it is impossible that they can entertain any real regard for him. To those, however, who are acquainted with human nature, this is an error in judgment. Love may be a very simple affair, and generally is so; but the causes that produce it are sometimes exceedingly complex.

I once knew a lady who, when in India, was much attached to a cheetah—not a man so called (though that too is by no means unparalleled), but a hunting leopard. It was an ill-tempered, snarling creature, not even beautiful, for it always had a sort of mange, such as is fabled to attack man-eating tigers, and was the terror of all who were honoured with even its distant acquaintance; but with his mistress he was as tame as a domestic cat, and therefore she liked him. He bit her at last, but that's neither here nor there. There was no other reason on earth, except that, why she should have liked him. It pleased her to see that, though fierce and intractable with others, he would smooth his claws, and at times rub his mangy ears against her delicate fingers. He would growl and show his teeth now and then even at her; but when she said, "Down, down, Turco," he would "back down" and become amenable. The lady's love was an exceptional one, for hunting-leopards, I am thankful to say, are not to be found in every bush; but there are human Turcos in plenty who find women to love them.

It was for a similar reason, I think—for the female heart is really an enigma beyond man's feeble powers to solve, one can only guess at it—that Clara Thorne loved Hugh Trevor. Perhaps the word is too strong a one; but she certainly liked him a great deal more than "the intelligent reader" or myself can conceive possible. Lady Trevor was altogether wrong in supposing that the girl had no other eyes for him than those with which we regard prospective property—something which we have made up our minds shall become our own. That was how she had looked upon him at first, no doubt; but the consciousness that she was the only human being of whom he stood in fear had somehow endeared him to her. He was the captive of her bow and spear, and she took not only a pardonable pride in her victory, but, what seems less accountable, in the man himself, since she thoroughly understood him literally. His obstinacy, his violence, his selfishness, and even his brutality—all his vices, save one, were recognised by her quite clearly. She looked at them through no haze of love or weakness, as his mother did, but saw them in their true colours. Moreover, she had very little hope of reforming him—she thought it improbable that her leopard would ever change its spots; but she did think that she could tame him.

To Lucy, who was to a certain extent her confidante, this was a source of much unhappiness. "If you marry that man," she once said to her, "you will become his slave."

"No, my dear, it will be the other way; he will become mine," was her quiet reply.

It was sometimes with difficulty, notwithstanding all her self-restraint, that she could keep her temper with him. On one occasion, when she had referred to the affection his brother entertained for Lucy, he had answered contemptuously, "What is the use of it all? She can't marry a pauper."

It was on the tip of her tongue to exclaim, "How brutal you are!" but she only said to herself, "When I am his wife, I will see that Charles is not a pauper." The desire to benefit her sister was indeed one of the motives that impelled her towards Hugh; but without any idea of self-sacrifice. She thought she should be as happy with him as, on the whole, she had expected to be with a husband. "Love in a hut, with water and a crust," would not, she knew, at all have suited her; and it was unreasonable to suppose that so desirable a *parti* as the heir to a baronetcy, with a large rent roll, should not have his drawbacks. Lady Trevor's manifest dislike to her designs rather incited her to prosecute them than otherwise; she had little liking for intrigue, but a great relish for combat; and opposition roused her like the blast of a trumpet.

She by no means underrated her ladyship's intelligence or strength of character; and while Sir Richard lived she was well aware that his wife held very strong cards against her. If he should die, however, Clara made no doubt of winning the game, and from Dr. Wood's account of the matter it seemed that victory was not only probable, but very near.

Clara Thorne was by no means heartless, and as she approached the Court, about which there was already an unusual silence—the hush of catastrophe—she felt a sincere sorrow not only for the sufferer, but for her antagonist, his wife. The butler, whose face fully corroborated the doctor's fears, offered no obstacle to her admittance. Conscious as he was of being the depository of a secret at present confined to the members of the household, and jealous of the approach of outsiders on an occasion so flattering to his self-importance, Mr. Cadman was no more able to withstand the allurements of beauty than his betters.

"Well, miss, I doubt whether her ladyship will be at liberty to see you, but both the young gentlemen are within, and also Mr. Gurdon."

"I think I should like to speak with one of them just for a

moment, Cadman," she answered apologetically, as though all the information that could be required by any reasonable being had been already placed at her disposal; whereupon he ushered her into the breakfast-room, where, late as it was, Mr. Gurdon was still discussing his morning meal.

It was with no affectation of gloom that the young fellow imparted to her what little he had to tell of his host's illness. He was not only grateful to Sir Richard for his hospitality, but had a sincere liking for him, and he spoke as he felt upon the matter.

"You find me eating like a pig, Miss Clara, but one can't help one's swinish nature, and I can't tell you how sorry I am for what has happened."

"I am very sure you are sorry, Mr. Gurdon."

"Yes, indeed, and upon my own account also (which is swinish again), for with illness in the house I feel that a stranger and a sojourner like myself must needs be in the way here, and it grieves me to have to say goodbye to the many kind friends that I have found at Mirbridge."

"But you must forgive me for saying that your going away will be a very poor return to them, Mr. Gurdon. It is when we are in trouble that friends are most needed, and just now you would be missed, I am certain, more than ever. You are not one to be inconvenienced because the domestic machinery is thrown out of gear a little."

"Inconvenienced! Why, bless my soul, if I had to fry my own bacon for breakfast," he replied, looking round upon the ample repast before him, "it would not matter to me a penny."

"Then think of what a relief it will be to Lady Trevor, engaged in her sad duties above stairs, to feel that she has a valued friend in the house, on whom she can rely, and who has always exercised—or tried to exercise—his influence for good."

Mr. Gurdon turned scarlet, not at the compliment, but at the allusion to Hugh Trevor which it involved. The friend who had introduced him to Mirbridge had now become less his friend than any of those he had found there, and this was mainly due to the efforts he had made "to keep Hugh straight;" with some of them Miss Clara was doubtless acquainted; but of one of them—the one which had cost Mr. Gurdon most—she was certainly ignorant.

"If I could persuade myself that I could be of any real use to Lady Trevor, I should be happy indeed," he answered gravely. "She is full of trouble, poor soul." He was thinking of how he had seen her that very morning, haggard, dishevelled, and as it had seemed to him despairing, creeping like an outcast into her own house.

"You mean she has other troubles, besides this one," said Clara, softly. "Poor woman! I have often thought myself that she had something on her mind."

"Oh, I know nothing of that," said Mr. Gurdon, hastily. "She has not made a confidante of me in any way."

"Perhaps not; but things do not easily escape you, I know. By-the-by, were you right concerning that picture by Romney, about which she was so interested? Is it really an original, or a copy?"

"Pray do not ask me that question, Miss Clara," he answered in confusion. "Lady Trevor particularly requested me not to allude to the subject to anybody."

"Then it seems she does confide in you, just a little," said Clara, smiling. It was difficult to do otherwise, than smile, so obvious and excessive was Mr. Gurdon's embarrassment. As a general rule, he was a miracle of prudence, but there was something in Clara Thorne that loosened the tongue of every man, and drew from him what he would have concealed from another. Especially was this the case when she showed any signs of sympathy, which were rare with her.

"Lady Trevor is fortunate indeed in having such a friend as you outside her own belongings," continued the charmer, with a little sigh.

"Oh, Miss Clara, pray don't say that, I mean if it implies that I am not equally your friend also."

"Well, I will at least say this much, that I do not think you would willingly do me a mischief, Mr. Gurdon."

"A mischief! Good gracious! My dear Miss Clara, if I could advance your happiness in any way there is no sacrifice I would not make."

"What, even if it involved offending some other friend?"

The obstacle in question was one indeed which he had lately more than once surmounted, with far less of personal interest for his motive than he felt in the present case. On the other hand, Mr. Gurdon was not perfectly straightforward in what he was saying. He knew quite well that what Clara was asking him for was his advocacy of her engagement to Hugh, and this, though he seemed to promise it, he could not give her. He saved his conscience, however, with the phrase he had used, "If I could advance your happiness," for he had a firm conviction that the girl who married Hugh Trevor would bid goodbye to happiness at the church door. She was acting, he said to himself like a child, who in her ignorance desires a sweetmeat that would not only be injurious to her, but even poisonous, and he was treating her like a child. Nevertheless, as she held out her hand to him, with something like tears of gratitude in her beautiful eyes, he took it with a pang of remorse.

Engrossed by the same train of thought, they did not notice the entrance of Mr. Cadman, who took in the situation at a glance, and utterly misread it.

"There's another of them down on his knees to her, and no wonder," was his silent reflection ere he delivered aloud the message with which he had been entrusted.

"My lady's love, Miss Clara, and would you kindly step up into the boudoir and see her for a few minutes."

Mr. Gurdon and Clara exchanged, involuntarily, significant glances, for though one can keep one's thoughts out of other people's hearing, one cannot always keep them out of their sight.

"I hope Lady Trevor will not consider my coming at such a time to be an intrusion," observed Clara, with as indifferent an air as she could assume.

"Of course not; her wanting to see you is a proof with what friendly feelings she regards you," answered Mr. Gurdon eagerly.

Clara shook her head, and faintly smiled.

"You say all that you can to comfort me, Mr. Gurdon, will you do all that you can to help me?"

This was only the old question, as he knew, put more directly; but what is the use of being on your guard with an adversary who breaks through your guard? Against that appealing look and tender tone he could only feebly strive.

"Your interests, dear Miss Clara," he murmured, "will always be mine."

"That is as much as to say you are a better judge of them than I am," she answered earnestly. "Pray, pray believe me, Mr. Gurdon, when I say that is not the case. What is moving your kind heart is the thought that so far as in you lies you will save a foolish girl from herself. If you were speaking to my sister it would be different, but in my case such tender fears are thrown away; I not only know my own mind, but my own strength."

What he would have said, had he been his own master, was, "But you overrate it;" but with her hand upon his shoulder, and her pleading eyes looking into his own, his lips returned another reply.

"I will do anything to please you, Miss Clara."

"A thousand thanks," she murmured softly; "you have always been my friend, I know, and henceforth you will be also my ally."

It was a bold stroke thus to have secured Mr. Gurdon's "vote and influence" in a matter so delicate as her relations with Hugh Trevor, but it was one Clara had long meditated, and this was the first opportunity that had presented itself.

She had always recognised the friendly familiarity with which his hostess treated him, but, from what he had just now so undesignedly let fall, it was clear to her that his opinion had even greater weight than she had imagined. It was highly desirable that it should be thrown into her side of the scale, and worth some sacrifice of self-respect.

Yet, thanks to the marvellous charm with which nature had endowed her, Clara had lost nothing of dignity in the young painter's eyes. The influence she had attributed to him was of course a compliment; but he had absolutely no vanity to be tickled by it. What had won him over to her cause was, as he honestly believed, the simple eloquence with which she had pleaded it. He would have been astonished and shocked had he recognised how greatly it had been supplemented by those dumb arguments with which Phryne of old convinced the Bench. With a jury of matrons, or an assembly of female judges *in banco*, it is probable that that young lady would have had less success; and it was not without some foreboding that she was about to plead the same cause over again before a Court by no means so favourable to her, and with whom the same weapons could avail her nothing, that Clara Thorne took her way to Lady Trevor's boudoir.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN

THE monkish singer whose joy in the glory of May still speaks to us with such human accent in the very name of his quaint old "rota," perhaps felt the contrast between winter and summer more poignantly than we moderns can be expected to feel it. The actual temperature of Chaucer's May is plausibly conjectured to have differed for the better from that of the treacherous season in which we now rejoice with trembling, a season which doctors rather than poets would nowadays celebrate as benign. Be this as it may, however, we can easily understand that to the mediæval man the lengthening of the days, the quickening of shrub and seed, the softening of the skies and the strengthening of the sunshine, should have conveyed a sense of re-awakening to fuller life which we can but faintly realise in our own jaded and perverted nerves. Consider the dark season in the dark ages. We are apt to look entirely at its bright side, and think of the yule-log and the wassail-bowl as though they flared and foamed all the winter through, and in the villain's cabin as well as in the baron's hall and the abbot's refectory. Nothing could be further from the fact. The yule-log burned no longer than an equal quantity of timber at the present day, the wassail-bowl was no magic goblet like that from which Thor drank in Jotunheim, and which turned out to be no other than the unfathomed ocean. Even at its best, the yule log must have been better for show than for warmth. It might crackle its fiercest at one end of the long draughty stone hall without overcoming the dank chill of the other end. The floor strewn with rushes, a few arras hangings blowing about with every gust, hard wooden settles to sit on, the cold wall to lean his weary back against—no wonder that under these circumstances the poor monk had longing visions of the bright evenings of May, when he should lie stretched under the orchard branches in the soft, cool air, or lazily bob his fishing-line by the margin of the lily pool. The lord abbot had, no doubt, his cushioned chair in the chimney corner, but it may be questioned whether even he would find a hot-bottle between the coarse sheets of his bed. There was no carpet to keep his feet from the bare stones when he got up in the morning, and, though public opinion would doubtless have absolved him had he omitted to break the ice in his ewer, his toilet must altogether have been chill and comfortless.

To the husbandman, winter, apart from its other discomforts, meant long hours of enforced idleness and chill tedium; to the student it implied weary eye-strainings in defective flickering light, or shivering vigils in no light at all. The mass of Englishmen must in those days have actually hibernated, gone through a period of physical and mental torpor. What wonder that they should put a lark-like lilt of simple thankfulness into their "lyric of the joy of the earth" as they sang on the bright May mornings "Sumer is icumen in?"

There are individuals at the present day who profess to like winter, nay, even to prefer it to summer. Such an opinion, when sincere, and not merely uttered, as it were, in defiance of the elements, may testify to a healthy circulation, but not to a healthy frame of mind. Winter has, no doubt, its compensations, its bright, domestic evenings, its occasional days of rare beauty, its exhilarating outdoor sports. Mr. Lowell has written an eloquent and keenly-observant plea for winter; but it is he, too, who asks, "What so rare as a day in June?" and answers, "Then, if ever, come perfect days." The taste for winter is, on the whole, a taste for colourlessness, bareness, darkness, deadness; a taste for fog in the air and filth on the earth, since the pure snow of to-day is but the sooty slush of the next fortnight; it is a taste for artificial light and warmth, for the bottled sunshine of a million years ago as opposed to fresh and sparkling draughts drawn straight from the fountain-head. Above all, it is an egoistic taste. Well-clothed, well-fed, well-housed, and well-furnished in the bronchial and pulmonary department, we may extract a certain pleasure from the very success with which we keep the foe at bay. We may snap our fingers in the teeth of "Rude Boreas, blustering railer," and bid him blow till he burst his bags, we shall but come out of the struggle braced and invigorated. But while, from our post of vantage, we defy him, he is killing or slowly torturing his thousands and tens of thousands who go unarmed to the fight. To these the summer, whom we affect to despise, comes as a benefactress, an omnipresent Sister of Mercy, stealing silently into hovel and rookery, and bringing with her certainly warmth, probably light, possibly some gleam of colour, or, where man has not taken care to poison the air too thoroughly, some breath of grateful fragrance. "No price is set on the lavish summer," says Mr. Lowell again, "June may be had by the poorest comer." To the poor of our cities, and still more to the rural masses, summer brings all the sweetly-poignant sense of contrast which was felt by our mediæval ancestors. Their æsthetic joy in seeing nature flush out into light and colour, like a butterfly casting off its chrysalis, may be limited and quite inarticulate, but they have a sensuous pleasure such as may be supposed to thrill the nerves of a sunflower as it opens to the sun. For their sakes, if not for our own, we may well put all the grateful joy of which our hearts are capable into our carol of "Sumer is icumen in."

The mythology and folk-lore of all temperate countries expresses under the concrete form of strife between good and evil divinities his man's natural longing for the triumph of light and fruitfulness, his natural shrinking from the time of shuddering darkness and fallow torpor. Regions where summer is conceived as bringing miasma and fever in her train, winter as beneficently repressing these evil powers, are not regions to be envied. "Where snow lies," says Emerson, "there is civil freedom," and, conversely, where sunshine sickens, men have not the energy to be truly free. Winter, even in our own latitudes, is no doubt a potent disinfectant—Nature's scavenger as it were, going, with sullen persistence, his melancholy round. But, even from this point of view, it is a necessary evil, not a positive good. The ingrained optimism of the majority of mankind has always a tendency, in the course of time, to accept as a positive good that which is only the less of two evils—to think the

febrifuge a beneficent invention of nature, forgetting that it is nature which has invented the fever as well. This optimism is in itself one of the subtlest of nature's inventions—whether beneficent or maleficent, we must leave optimists and pessimists to determine to their own satisfaction—and in no case does it act more subtly than in persuading men that they positively like and enjoy the season of gloom and depression. Man is, after all, an animal, and, however, independent of the seasons he may have rendered himself, his animal functions are still affected by them. All other animals of our latitudes either fly from the winter to "lands of summer across the sea," or curl up in their nests and sleep the dead season through, or shiver in forlorn wretchedness, or—die. By a thousand appliances man has lessened the terrors of winter for himself and a few of his domestic animals; but it is only at the cost of mental and physical exertion to himself or his fellows that he can alleviate with a certain measure of contentment the winter of his discontent. It is with reference to the "icy fang and churlish chidings of the winter's wind" that the Duke in *As You Like It* employs his famous simile as to the uses of adversity. Even to this most cheery of optimist philosophers the "uses" of winter are but as the precious jewel in the head of the toad, which, for the rest, he admits to be ugly and venomous. Winter has its occasional pleasures to set against its pains, summer its minor drawbacks, which are, in fact, nothing but the defects of its qualities, to set against its abiding advantages. The epigram which defines an English summer as "three hot days and a thunderstorm" is unjust, almost to impiety. In no country is the budding summer fresher or blither, the fading summer more gloriously tinted. Old "John of Fornsete, Monk of Reading," if to him we, indeed, owe the roundelay which speaks to us across the centuries with such a pathetic gladness, was a wise man, as well as a sweet singer, when he chanted:—

Sumer is icumen in,
Laude sing cucu,
Growth sed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wode nu—
Sing cucu!

W. A.



THOSE who remember Mr. H. Kendall's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1885, will be glad to read it again with additions as the "Kinship of Men" (Kegan Paul). To those who did not read the paper, we recommend the book, of which the key-note is that, "if the world lasts long enough, all are going to be united over again, just as all come from the same ancestors in the past"—i.e., everybody will be everybody else's cousin, sufficiently far removed. Your first cousin being your quarter, your second cousin your sixteenth of a brother, it is very pleasant to reflect that a mere stranger may be "our fifth cousin, also our seventh, eighth, and ninth; the line of tenth cousinship is repeated in him; from your eleventh ancestor he has descended by different channels; several times over he is your twelfth cousin, oftener still your thirteenth. He is your incarnate parallelism." But what is a remote possibility Mr. Kendall seems to assume as something inevitable. How flattering that "to a moral certainty, all Englishmen of this generation are descendants of William the Conqueror, and of Alfred the Great, and of all the nobles of their time whose posterity has not died out here;" and yet the statement is as great a puzzle in its way as Blackstone's that "in the twentieth degree of ancestry every man has about a million of ancestors, and, in the fortieth, upwards of a million millions." At that rate, instead of getting nearer to the single pair, we should seem the further we go back to be getting further from them. Mr. Kendall solves the difficulty by a figure-like Euclid, the upper point being the first man, the lower the individual of to-day, the transverse line representing the "ancestral climax." Why ancestry after broadening up to a certain point as we go backwards thenceforth begins to narrow till it reaches Adam, we leave Mr. Kendall to explain. There is so much freshness in his explanation, indeed, in his whole work that readers will be grateful to us for sending them to him. Reading him they will, like the "grand old gardener and his wife, Smile at the claims of long descent," feeling, in Mr. Kendall's words, that "genealogy as it is practised is a means of keeping up a gross delusion."

"Viscount Palmerston" ("Statesmen Series": Allen and Co.) has often been spoken of as the model English statesman; and Mr. Lloyd Sanders is careful to point out that "in spite of their long connection with Ireland, the Temples remained for the most part English in interests and almost entirely English in blood." He also indignantly repudiates the "myth," which every Dubliner believes, that the statesman's father, being thrown from his horse opposite to Mee's, the Capel Street hatter's, was nursed by Miss Mee, and that that lady became the mother of our Viscount. It is curious that Lord Dalling and other biographers accept the "myth" as a fact; and that there is also a mist over the birthplace of that other Irish-born Englishman the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Sanders is probably right; neither in his strength nor in his weakness had Lord Palmerston a trace of that Celtic temperament which Mr. Kinglake attributes to him. The Don Pacifico affair and the Schleswig-Holstein business were eminently un-Celtic; and a "Celt" would almost certainly have recognised the South in the American Civil War. Mr. Sanders says of the treatment of Denmark that "what Lord Palmerston intended to convey was not a threat of intervention, but a prophecy that some Power or other would intervene." On the whole, posterity will hardly rate Lord Palmerston as high as Mr. Sanders does. He was rash; but his rashness was not balanced by doggedness. Supplying arms and stores from our dockyards to the Sicilian insurgents was hardly work for one who described himself as "the judicious bottle holder;" but more exasperating, though a less flagrant breach of international law, was Lord Palmerston's habit of giving advice (the letter to the Queen of Spain, for instance, which caused the dismissal of Sir H. Bulwer). Nor did his very undiplomatic language (as when he styled the Emperor Ferdinand "an implumis bipes," a Guy Faux, a perfect nullity, next door to an idiot!) sweeten the relations between his own and foreign Governments. Then there is the mistake of letting Russia off too easily in what Lord Derby well called "the Capitulation of Paris." In one respect Lord Palmerston set a pattern to future statesmen—in the tenacity with which he clung to office in the face of undisguised censure. Mr. Disraeli's attack on the Schleswig-Holstein business would have forced most Ministries to resign. Palmerston made one of his very long speeches, containing as little as possible about the point at issue; and though the Opposition cried "Question," his red herring across the scent gave him a majority of eighteen. Mr. Sanders's book is lively and readable if not always convincing. He has only one brief reference to Ireland (the celebrated dictum that "tenant right is landlord wrong;") but Lord Palmerston did not care for Ireland; his sympathies were elsewhere.

With its anecdotes of the Dane's skin nailed on East Thurrock Church door; of a gold snuff-box found in a shark's stomach; of a party of emigrant girls navigating from Melbourne to Sydney, with the help of the captain, the doctor, and a wooden-legged seaman, a ship from which the whole crew had run off to the gold-diggings; and such like, "My Sayings and Doings, with Reminiscences of

My Life" (Kegan Paul), is a little like one of Mr. Timbs's compilations. The Rev. W. Quekett, who has died since this book was published, began life when the great bustard was still to be found on Salisbury Plain. Though he was born in Somerset, his family was originally from Scotland, and more immediately from Cumberland. His hook, in the good sense of the word, is a *farraço*—natural history notes enough to adorn a new edition of Gilbert White; old customs, e.g., the clerk's notice in South Cadbury Church that a "Vestry will be held about keeping birds in Lower Fields;" stories of witches, &c. But the backbone of the book, as it was of Mr. Quekett's life's work, is female emigration. Most of our readers would have preferred the bone by itself; its anatomy would be interesting, and perhaps useful. But Mr. Quekett preferred to clothe it with all sorts of matter, good, bad, and indifferent—his own lectures and sermons, Dickens's paper on him in *Household Words* for November, 1850, accounts of his travels, of his church-building, &c., &c. For twenty-four years he worked in Christ's Church, St. George's-in-the-East; then Lord Aberdeen, "wishing to express his sense of your highly meritorious exertions," gave him the living of Warrington, to which the Crown appointed because its then holder was promoted to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man. In his East London work Mr. Quekett was associated with Lord and Lady Herbert. At Warrington he, perhaps, did less than those who had followed his earlier life, and who justly valued his brother the microscopist, expected.

M. H. Gradis divides his "Histoire de Bordeaux" (Paris: Calmann Lévy) into five parts—old Bordeaux, the town under English rule, the French Monarchy, the Revolution, modern times. Of these, English readers will naturally at once fasten on the second. The period, just three hundred years, was long enough to leave a mark on the country; and (as M. Gradis remarks, p. 97) the *sentiment patriotique* had not grown up in Guienne in the thirteenth century. The country had always kept up a struggle against the Carolingian kings; their fealty they gave to their dukes, of whom they held the English kings to be the lawful descendants; indeed, they preferred dukes whose home was in England to dukes resident in their country: "Leur éloignement était une cause d'indépendance, leurs visites une source de profits." Under the English kings Bordeaux, says M. Gradis, was a kind of republic; it kept its old Roman institutions, and the title of citizen was sought after by nobles. Edward I. and Edward II. gave the Bordelais so many privileges in the wine trade that London grew jealous. With law-suits limited by statute to a single year, and fines not to exceed 3 livres 5 sols, one could fancy Bordeaux would have been a happy family but for the Spanish fury with which the laws against heresy were enforced. Gérard of Malemont, the Archbishop, sat on the Council of Toulouse, and in 1229 he began to enforce its decrees: "These measures seem to us monstrous; to the men of those days heresy was a felony, a crime of *lese-nation*, a crime against society." More than once the French nearly conquered Guienne; St. Louis would have done so after Taillebourg (1242), one of the battles which English school histories ignore, but for the deadly sickness which decimated his army. Philip the Fair did get hold of the whole country, but restored it on condition that Edward I. would do homage for it. M. Gradis gives a very readable account of the whole period, enlivened with anecdotes like that of the fate of Richard II.'s murderer, who, recognised by the Bordeaux mob, was torn in pieces and his limbs nailed on the Palace of the Ombrière. With the same thoroughness he carries on his story to to-day, ending with a lament over the state of viticulture, thanks to the English *oidium*, the American *phylloxera*, and other plagues.

Those who saw the jungle in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition may perhaps remember that it was the work of Mr. Rowland Ward, 166, Piccadilly. We have now the fourth edition of this gentleman's "Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting, Preserving and Artistic Setting Up" (Simpkin and Marshall), which is, indeed, practical, showing how to deal with creatures of all sizes, from elephants to butterflies, and giving a list of the chief hunting-grounds for game of various kinds.

We can well believe that "German volapükists are frequently unintelligible;" indeed Mr. H. Harrison calls even the French Professor Kerchoff's *o-luf-ops-in* (the future love of you women) "an agglutinated eccentricity." We are disposed to say the same of "Volapük" (Hachette) in general. Pigeon-English has its *raison d'être*, so have the old *lingua franca* of the Levant and the pariah-Portuguese of the Malabar coast; but why an unfortunate being should have to learn that *ebinobs is sis muls mal* means "we have been here six months" passes our comprehension. Father Schleyer had better have stuck to his Breviary, or gone in for squaring the circle. We are glad Mr. Harrison does not think that Shakespeare, Goethe, &c., will have to be translated into Volapük.

Sir R. Temple, in "Palestine Illustrated" (Allen), aims at reproducing thirty-two studies made by him in oils of scenes in the Holy Land. Of engravings of Scripture scenes there are plenty; but colouring has seldom been attempted, and this Sir Richard renders admirably. His Mizpeh and the Pass of Beth-horon is one of the most striking things we have ever seen in the way of printing in colours; so is his Dead Sea, where the contrasts between green water, yellow and brown rock, and rosy mountain-range almost pass belief. Between his sketch of green, sunny Nazareth and that of the gloomy ruins of Tiberias lies the whole gamut of colour; and the letterpress is throughout no less interesting than the plates. Travelling early in the year—in February and March—Sir Richard missed the fine, dry, not too hot weather which can usually be reckoned on from the middle of March to early in May, but he got effects—"stormy and wild, with outbreaks of splendour, when the glory beheld more than made up for toil and trouble." We heartily recommend this most interesting quarto.

Mr. G. Forbes's "Lectures on Electricity" (Longmans), given to the Society of Arts in 1886, go into the subject in the most thorough way, and embody the latest discoveries. The lecture on dynamo-electric machinery shows the application of electrical principles to practical engineering. "How is it," asks Mr. Forbes, "that people were so long in applying principles which Faraday had mastered as completely as we have done, though he could not express his ideas in terms of *x*, *y*, and *z*?" His reply is "want of faith in those whose duty it was to make the application;" the moral being that theory and application must take care to work hand in hand.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE must honestly own that, with few exceptions, we consider Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes a far greater poet in prose than he is in verse; it is pleasant to be able to add that some of the exceptions in question are to be found in his latest volume, "Before the Curfew, and Other Poems" (Sampson Low). The piece which names the volume is simply perfect for combined pathos and that semi-pathetic phase of humour which is a *specialité* of the venerable author; all who know and love the dear old man's work will join with us in mute thanks that for him, to whom we owe so much, it is "Not bedtime yet!" The pieces written for Harvard Commemorations have, naturally, a more especially local interest, but we may draw notice to "The Lyre of Anacreon;" next we should rank "At the Saturday Club," and "Our Dead Singer"—Longfellow, to wit. But, perhaps, the most important piece is the poem read at the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard; and, for pure wit, commend us to "The Morning Visit" and "The Flâneur."

"Juvena: a Romance," by H. Devereux Spratt (Digby and Long), is, probably, a juvenile effort in ballad metre, and by no means devoid of promise, if the author will only take care. It

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN IRELAND—XII.

"WEAVING."—The first process connected with weaving is to have the design drawn on paper, divided by machine ruling and into squares, each square representing one thread in the fabric.

This design is then reproduced, *facsimile*, on a series of cards by means of the punching machine (see illustration). The cards are then joined together, placed on the loom, the threads of yarn put through and knotted, and the weaving then commences.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, we are enabled to give some statistics, showing the enormous amount of labour expended in weaving some doyleys, which were presented to Her Majesty the Queen in commemoration of her Jubilee.

The doyley contained 3,060 threads of warp, and 4,012 threads of woof. These threads, if joined, would extend a distance of two and a-half miles.

The paper on which the design was drawn was divided into 12,000,000 squares, and took the draughtsman seven months to complete.

The loom occupies a space 12 ft. in length and 11 ft. in height, and has 20,000 cards, weighing 1,650 lbs., containing nearly 10,000,000 punched holes, which took six months to complete.

From the Jacquard machines above the loom there are 12,240 cords, with small weights attached, employed to lift the threads of yarn; these, in one continuous length, would reach a distance of twenty-five miles; 61,200 knots were necessary to secure these cords in position. The total time occupied in tying knots and preparing the loom for weaving was seven months. A weight of 428 lbs. is lifted each time the weaver throws the shuttle.

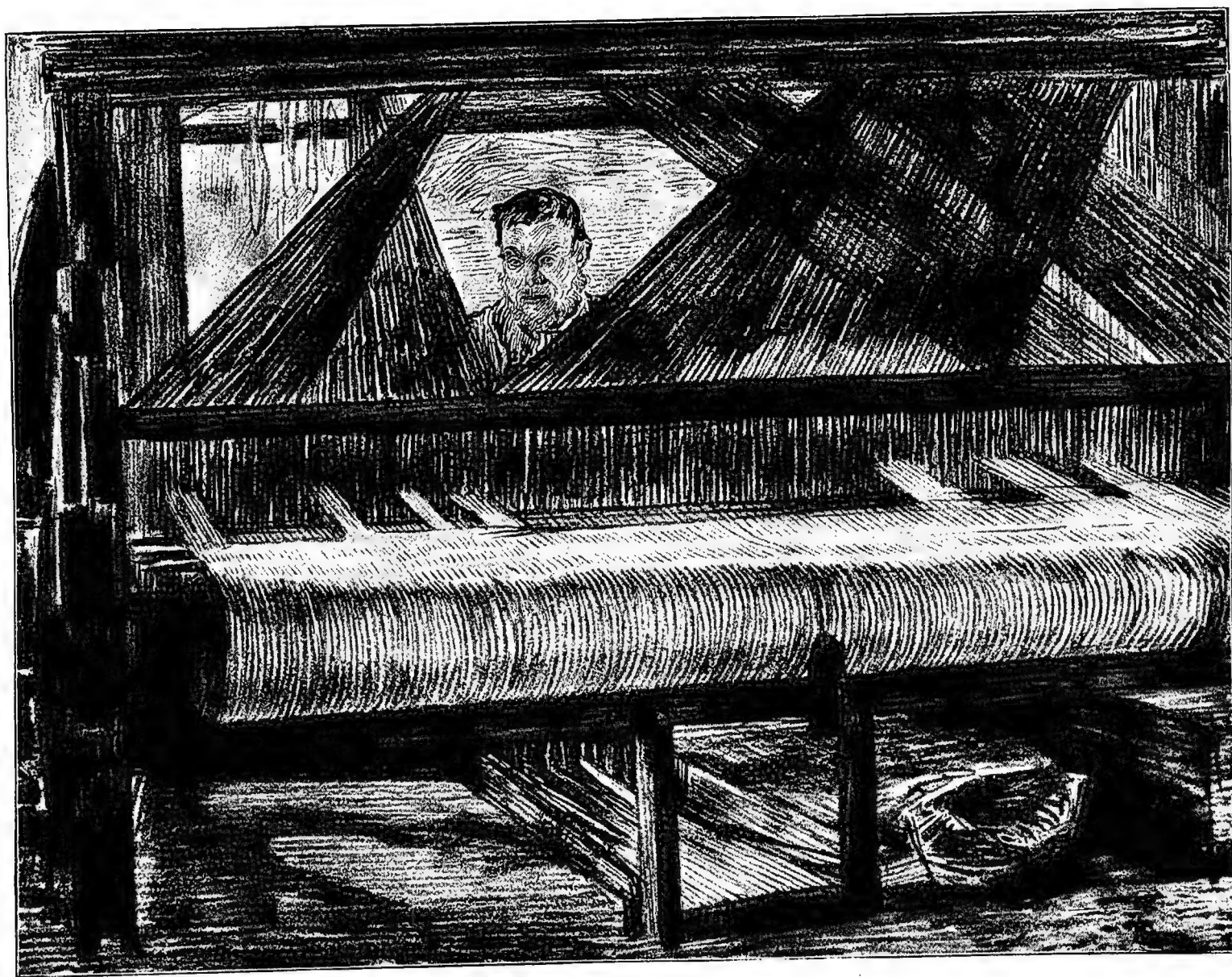
The little girl in our illustration is employed in winding the weft on reels to keep the weaver supplied.

By moderately hard work she is enabled to wind enough to keep two looms supplied with weft.

"EMBROIDERING."—Embroidering, technically called *flowering*, as it chiefly consists of embroidering flowers on handkerchiefs, &c., is one of the chief cottage industries of the North of Ireland. Carried on by women in their own homes, it is the means of livelihood of a great many families in some of the villages round Belfast, notably at Bangor and the surrounding district. Each district is under the control of an agent who, after stamping the pattern on the article to be embroidered, gives it out to the embroiderers, collects it when finished, and sends it to one of the large retail firms in Belfast, or elsewhere, to be sold. The work is all done in the workers' own homes, and, being socially inclined, they congregate in groups of four or five in the cottage of one of their "set," and chat away to one another while working. The agents complain that the art of embroidering has been gradually dying out, but thanks to the efforts of some of the ladies of Ireland and England, who are trying to form schools of embroidery, it bids fair to become popular again amongst the younger generation. Most of the husbands and sons of the Bangor embroideresses are seafarers, either sailors or fishermen.



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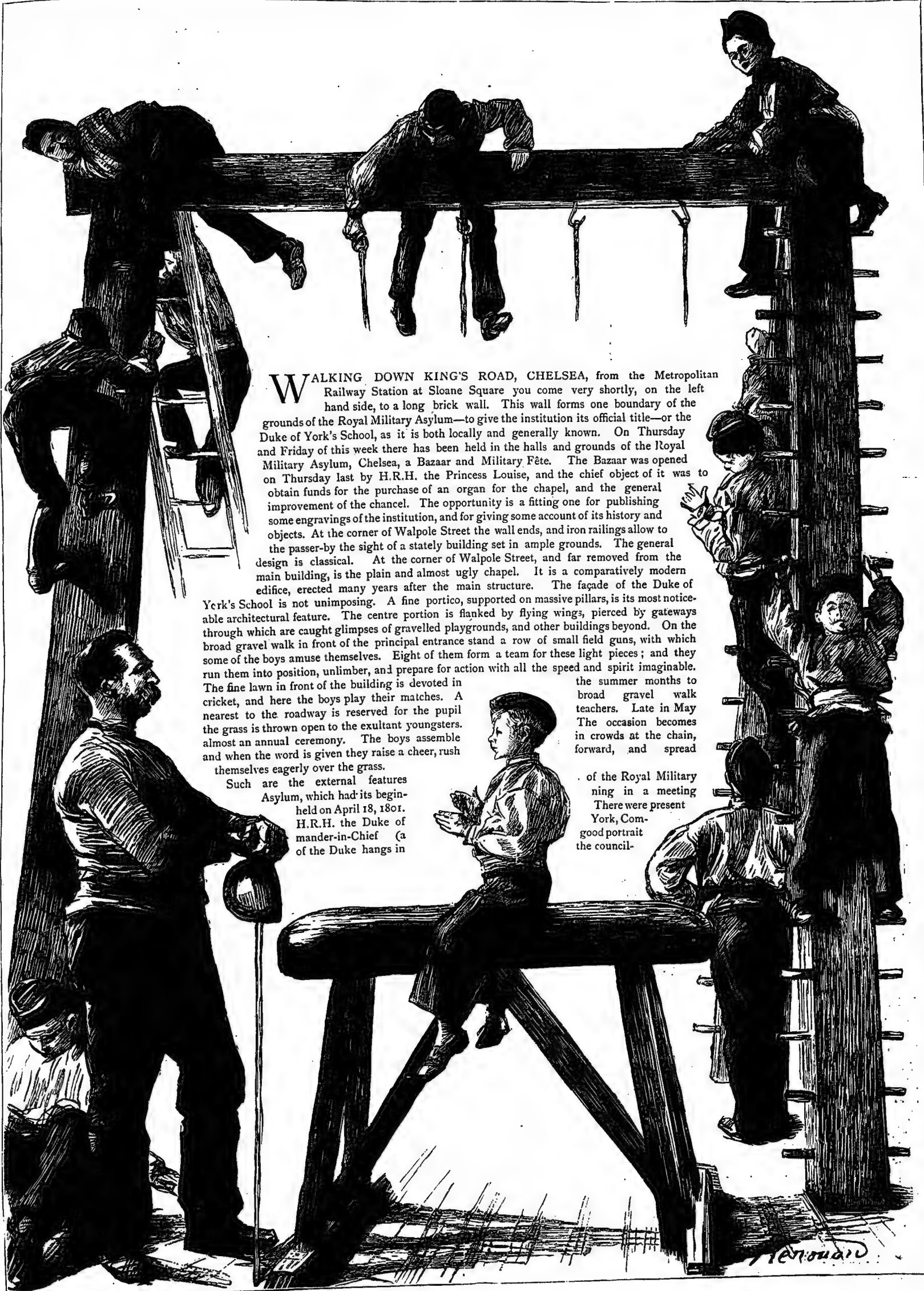
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SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM (DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL) CHELSEA



WALKING DOWN KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, from the Metropolitan Railway Station at Sloane Square you come very shortly, on the left hand side, to a long brick wall. This wall forms one boundary of the grounds of the Royal Military Asylum—to give the institution its official title—or the Duke of York's School, as it is both locally and generally known. On Thursday and Friday of this week there has been held in the halls and grounds of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, a Bazaar and Military Fête. The Bazaar was opened on Thursday last by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and the chief object of it was to obtain funds for the purchase of an organ for the chapel, and the general improvement of the chancel. The opportunity is a fitting one for publishing some engravings of the institution, and for giving some account of its history and objects. At the corner of Walpole Street the wall ends, and iron railings allow to the passer-by the sight of a stately building set in ample grounds. The general design is classical. At the corner of Walpole Street, and far removed from the main building, is the plain and almost ugly chapel. It is a comparatively modern edifice, erected many years after the main structure. The façade of the Duke of York's School is not unimposing. A fine portico, supported on massive pillars, is its most noticeable architectural feature. The centre portion is flanked by flying wings, pierced by gateways through which are caught glimpses of gravelled playgrounds, and other buildings beyond. On the broad gravel walk in front of the principal entrance stand a row of small field guns, with which some of the boys amuse themselves. Eight of them form a team for these light pieces; and they run them into position, unlimber, and prepare for action with all the speed and spirit imaginable. The fine lawn in front of the building is devoted in cricket, and here the boys play their matches. A nearest to the roadway is reserved for the pupil the grass is thrown open to the exultant youngsters. almost an annual ceremony. The boys assemble and when the word is given they raise a cheer, rush themselves eagerly over the grass.

Such are the external features of the Royal Military Asylum, which had its beginning in a meeting held on April 18, 1801. There were present H.R.H. the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and a good portrait of the Duke hangs in the council-

the summer months to broad gravel walk teachers. Late in May The occasion becomes in crowds at the chain, forward, and spread

of the Royal Military Asylum, which had its beginning in a meeting held on April 18, 1801. There were present H.R.H. the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and a good portrait of the Duke hangs in the council-



THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

room) Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Harrington, Right Hon. W. Windham, Right Hon. T. Steele, Matthew Lewis, Esq., Lieut.-Gen. D. Dundas, Lieut.-Gen. De Lancey, Colonel Brownrigg, Colonel Calvert, and the Rev. J. Gamble. At this meeting it was resolved that the King should be petitioned to grant a charter for the new institution, and it was further resolved that the number of children to be received should be increased from 500 (the original number suggested) to 1,000. The scheme met, naturally, with approval and furtherance in "the highest quarters," and on June 19th, 1801, the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of York himself. It may be noticed, as characteristic of the purposes of the institution, that at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone there were buried, in addition

"agrees that the said boy shall remain in the Asylum as long as the Commissioners thereof shall think fit, within the prescribed limit of age; and that when of proper age he shall be placed, with his own free consent, as a private soldier in the Regular Army, or shall be provided for at the discretion of the Commissioners as an apprentice or servant." It is thus optional for any boy, when he reaches the age of fourteen, to become either a soldier or a civilian, but at least eighty per cent. of the boys elect to enter the Army. Their life and training at the School are such as to implant in them a love of soldiering, even if indeed a love of the martial life be not "in the blood." Provision is, however, made for those boys who do not wish to enter the Army; for all the boys are taught some useful trade; and should they wish to enter civilian life they are apprenticed by the Commissioners to suitable trades.

Life in the Duke of York's School is carried on in strict military style. The boys are divided into six companies, and the grades resemble those of the Army. There are lance-corporals, corporals, and colour-corporals, the last-named being a grade unknown in the Army, but corresponding here to the rank of sergeant. Above the colour-corporals come the monitors. These are older boys, who for some special reason are kept back after they have passed the age of fourteen, and are employed to instruct the younger ones. Rising at six in the morning, the boys pass busy days with plenty of hard work, and plenty of play. For breakfast they have cocoa, and bread-and-butter; for the evening meal tea, and bread-and-butter. Dinner is an ample and satisfying meal. The food supply is carefully calculated, not only on hygienic, but on economical grounds; for sixpence half-penny per day is the limit allowed by Government for the dietary of each boy. For this exceedingly moderate sum, however, the boys can be given such dinners as these: roast leg of mutton, potatoes, currant-pudding, and bread; or cold mutton, potatoes, pickles, bread and cheese.

Each day has its allotted bill of fare; but other dinners may be substituted if the boys show themselves tired of particular dishes. Fish, for example, is not as a rule beloved by boys, and the dinner on the fish-day is then sometimes varied by "rice-pudding, bread and cheese;" or "apple-pudding, bread, and cheese," of which little is ever left. On certain red-letter days, such as the Queen's birthday, the Prince of Wales's birthday, the annual *fête* day, and so on, the ordinary dietary is increased by extras, such as oranges, buns, or half a pound of cake. Eggs, too, are frequently allowed. In winter a change is made in the dietary; soup and more heating foods being supplied. Ill-health is practically unknown among the boys. They are particularly free from those diseases of the eyes and head which

to the usual coins of the realm, a medal representing the British fleet passing the Sound, and one commemorating the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The warrant appointing the Commissioners for the management of the institution is dated June 24th, 1801. The total original cost of the ground and building was no more than 104,187*l.*; the value of the ground is probably now at least ten times as great as it was at the beginning of the century. Not without some difficulties and disputes was the building erected; for the builders presented a bill far in excess of the original estimates—as builders often do. A committee was appointed by the Commissioners to inquire into the causes of the increase, and ultimately everything was satisfactorily explained.

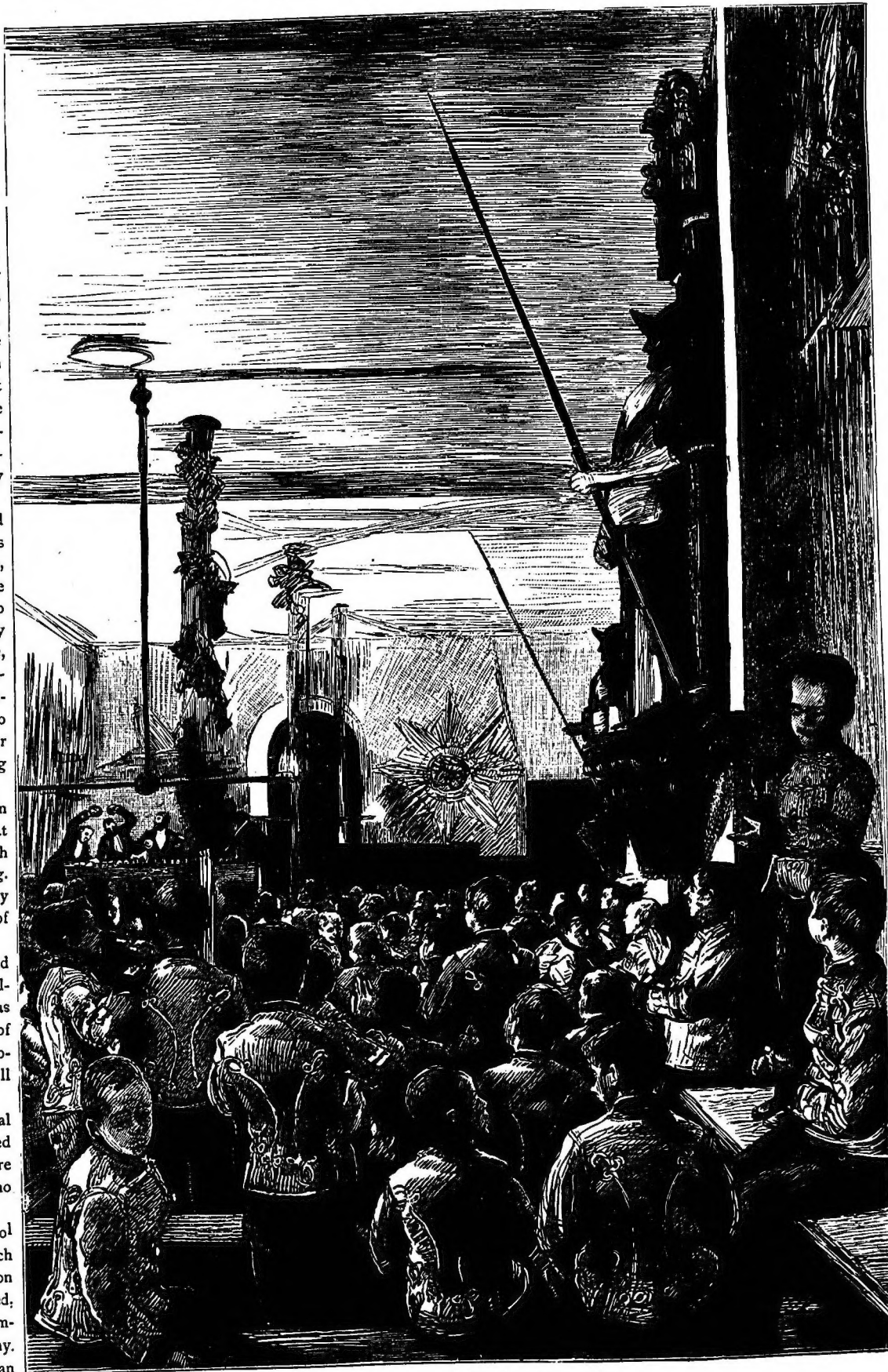
At first, the institution was intended both for boys and girls, and both were admitted freely; but it is long since the Asylum has been reserved for boys only. As stated in the original regulations, the institution was intended for, "1st, Orphans. 2nd, Those whose fathers have been killed on foreign service. 3rd, Those who have lost their mothers, and whose fathers are absent on duty abroad; and 4th, those whose fathers are ordered on foreign service, or whose parents have other children to maintain." These regulations have since been extended to admit the children of pensioners of long service and good conduct. Children, according to the original regulations, were admitted at "the earliest age for nurture, and into the Asylum from four years till twelve years, being discharged at fourteen years."

Those who enter after eleven have to pass an examination in arithmetic and dictation. The total number of boys who can at present be admitted is 484, a great many less than the 1,000 which the original Commissioners proposed to lodge in the same building. This decrease in the original estimate is, no doubt, dictated by modern sanitary regulations; for it is said that in the early days of the institution two boys used to sleep in each bed.

Part of the south wing of the Royal Military Asylum contained up till quite recently the Normal School for training army school-masters. In December of last year, however, this institution was abolished, and further accommodation is thus set free for the use of the Duke of York's School. The additional rooms will accommodate sixty-six more boys, and it is hoped that the establishment will thus shortly be raised to 550.

There are always plenty of applicants for admission to the Royal Military Asylum, and as vacancies occur the boys are admitted according to the urgency of their respective cases. Orphans are taken first; then those who have lost their fathers; next, those who have lost their mothers, and so on.

As the Royal Military Asylum is intended primarily as a school to train boys for the army, a medical certificate is demanded with each applicant, and no boy is admitted unless it be testified by a surgeon that he "is free from any mental or bodily infirmity, not ruptured, and is likely to become fit for the Army." It is not, however, compulsory upon boys of the Duke of York's School to enter the Army. When applying for the admission of a boy, the parent or guardian



AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THE DINING HALL



J. R. WAGELIN

"BACCHUS AND THE CHOIR OF NYMPHS"

The New Gallery



JOSEPH CLARK

"A YOUTHFUL GENIUS"

Royal Academy



CARL HAAG

Picture and Copyright in Mr. Haag's possession
"AN ANCESTOR"



Royal Academy

"A FLYING VISIT"

A. W. STRUTT



"RATS, TOBY!"

G. H. SUSSELL

Royal Academy



Grosvenor Gallery

"THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING"

J. P. JACOBS-HOO



"WOLF WOLF"-(F&O)

EMERY A. WATERLOW

so constantly afflict young children of the lower classes. At the present moment there are six boys in the hospital (which is detached from the main building) with chicken-pox; and it is mentioned as a hard nut for the anti-vaccinationists that since the introduction of compulsory vaccination not a single case of small-pox has been known in the School, though before it, as the archives of the institution show, small-pox frequently made its appearance.

After breakfast the boys disperse to the morning's work, some to school, some to the work-shops, where the trades are taught. The present writer recently went through the whole building, and saw the boys at all their pursuits. In the gymnasium (shown in our front-page engraving), a squad was being instructed in the use of the single-stick. Clad only in their black trousers, shirts, and Glengarry hats, the youngsters stood at attention, at their proper distances, down the long room. A bugler was stationed in a corner of the room. At a sign from the sergeant-instructor (of whom M. Renouard has given an excellent likeness) the bugler begins his call, and a kind of musical drill follows. The little fellows move together with an accuracy which speaks well for the assiduity of their instructor. There is a movement to each bar of the music. The single-sticks are laid on the floor as the drill commences. Stooping, they raise their weapons, and, keeping accurate time to the bugle-accompaniment, they go through all the cuts and guards, their thick-soled boots beating rhythmically on the floor with a volleying accompaniment. It was a pretty sight, and an admirable training, both physical and mental.

In another part of the building are the workshops where the trades are taught. Here, for example, is the tailors' shop. From forty to fifty boys are hard at work making their own uniforms, for everything the boys wear is made within the building. The youngsters are seated cross-legged, on a low platform covering nearly the whole of the room, their closely cropped heads bent with attention over their work. Some are using the needle, others ironing seams, others again are working sewing-machines. From the tailors' shop we pass to the shirt and stocking-room. Here are machines for making woollen stockings, and here are perhaps twenty boys at work making their own linen shirts. In a room beyond, another set of boys are engaged at bootmaking. The dormitories in the upper stories are spacious and airy. The iron bedsteads are ranged neatly along the walls, the mattresses and blankets carefully rolled as is customary in barrack-rooms. Ample precautions have been taken in case of fire. Just inside a window in each dormitory two iron staples are fixed in the floor; to these can be attached a canvas fire-escape, down which the boys shoot themselves to the ground. Outside each dormitory are stand-pipes. In case of alarm, each boy knows his place; and when an alarm of fire was raised the other day, four



ORDERLY BOYS, UNDER THE MONITOR, WASHING UP AFTER DINNER

minutes was enough for each to be at his station, for the hose to be unrolled and fastened, and for every one to be ready to do battle with the (happily imaginary) flames. The great dining-hall is an animated sight when full of hungry, chattering urchins. The room is shown in M. Renouard's third sketch. Over the fireplace stands a fine figure of a pikeman of the olden time. Round the walls are trophies of arms, and ornaments made of bayonets and pistols. Our engraving shows a recent entertainment given by a party of hand-bell ringers, whose efforts were received with loud enthusiasm by the delighted youngsters. Just above the dining-hall is a sketch of Sergeant-Major Matheson, who was himself once a boy in the School. Military regulations are observed, even in the appointment of orderlies to bring the food from the kitchen for the respective messes, and one of our engravings shows the orderlies clearing up after dinner, under the direction of a monitor.

There is one institution upon which the Duke of York's School justly prides itself, and that is its band. The full band numbers eighty, and the greatest care is bestowed upon the training of its members. So valuable to the school are the best of its band that they are often retained in the Asylum after they have passed the usual age for training—fourteen.

In the council-room hangs a list of men, once boys of the Duke of York's School, who have distinguished themselves subsequently in the Army or in civilian life, and among others are to be seen the names of Mr. Lazarus, the clarinet player; and Mr. Cadwallader

Thomas, the well-known bandmaster of the Guards. Band practice, at best, is a discordant business. To hear a company of youngsters learning the bugle, twenty or more in one room, and all blowing as lustily as their young lungs can, is an experience no man would wish to repeat. In learning the drum a more merciful plan is adopted, and the young drummers rattle their sticks upon blocks of wood covered with leather, as shown in one of our engravings.

The officers of the Royal Military Asylum consist of a Commandant, Secretary, Chaplain, and Surgeon, all of whom live in the building. At present Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Fitzgerald is the Commandant. The first Commandant was Lieutenant-Colonel George Williamson, who died in 1812, and to his memory a tablet is erected in the chapel. Mr. E. C. Thomas is the Secretary, and he combines also the offices of Adjutant, Quartermaster, and Paymaster. The Rev. C. A. Solbé is the Chaplain, and Surgeon-Major W. G. Pratt is the doctor. The Staff comprises a Sergeant-Major, a Bandmaster, a Quartermaster-Sergeant, six Company Sergeants, a Hospital Sergeant, a Drum-Major, a Master Shoemaker, and a Master Tailor.



THE TAILORS' SHOP

The Asylum is governed by a Council composed as follows:—

COMMISSIONERS

Ex officio

The Secretary of State for War (*President*).
His Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief (*Vice President*).
The Bishop of London.
The Bishop of Winchester.
The Paymaster-General.
The Under Secretaries of State for War.
The Quartermaster-General.
The Adjutant-General.

The Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

The Governor of the Royal Military College.

The Chaplain-General.

The Judge Advocate-General.

The Director-General of Military Education.

Specially appointed

Field Marshal H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief.

General Hon. Sir A. Hamilton-Gordon.

General Right Hon. Sir E. Lugard.

Field Marshal Lord W. Paulet.

General Sir R. C. H. Taylor.

Major-General Hon. J. P. Battersby.

General Sir A. J. Herbert.

The Royal Military Asylum and the Royal Hibernian Military School are the only institutions of the kind controlled and supported by Government, a Parliamentary Grant being annually voted for their maintenance.

The bazaar which has been held during the last two days in the grounds and halls of the Asylum has proved a brilliant affair, and it is hoped that it will produce ample funds to carry out the requisite improvements in the chapel.

A good organ has long been wanted. At present there is only a harmonium, which is quite inadequate for the musical service. The chancel, too, is not only unsightly but inconvenient.

The Royal Military Asylum is an admirable recruiting-ground for the Army. Sometimes as many as ninety boys leave it in one year, and of these more than eighty are sure to join the Army.

The only difficulty experienced in drafting the boys into the Army is, that they cannot always be sent into the battalions they wish to choose. The crack battalions are, of

course, those most eagerly sought after; and in many cases the young recruits wish to join those battalions to which their fathers formerly belonged. As recruits the boys of the Royal Military Asylum are, of course, excellent raw material. In fact, they can hardly be called recruits in the ordinary sense of the word, for, save for the fact that they have not learned the handling and use of fire-arms, they are drilled men.

A certain part of every day is set apart for drill under sergeant-instructors of the Army. and the boys are made proficient in all battalion movements, including the attack. Nor when the boys pass into the Army, are they lost sight of by the Institution where they were educated. The career of each boy is carefully reported by his regimental commanders to the authorities of the School, where records are kept of their progress from honour to honour, and it is not until a man finally leaves the Army that he is lost sight of by his old masters.

The list of distinguished "old boys" contains, as we have said, the name of more than one distinguished musician, and more interesting still is the record of the names of those "old boys" who have won distinguished positions in the Army itself.

Several, starting as the sons of private soldiers, or non-commissioned officers, have risen to the rank of Major-General, and commissions of a lower grade have been attained by many.

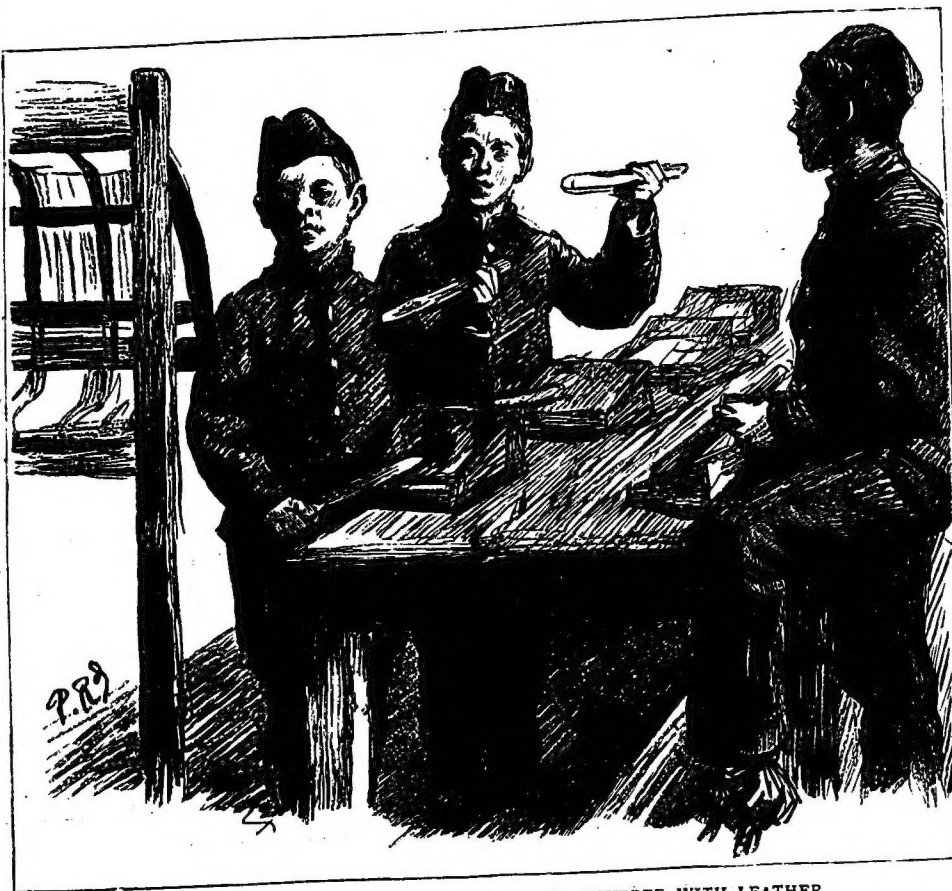
Discipline at the Duke of York's School is easily maintained. The corporals and colour-corporals (boys promoted for their efficiency and smartness) are prompt in exacting obedience from the boys in the ranks, and the monitorial system is found to work admirably. For wet days, when the boys cannot go into the playgrounds, where there are plenty of cricket-pitches, large play-rooms are provided, one for each company. There is also a large, well-lighted reading-room, provided with papers, books, and games. At certain times of day the reading-room is crammed with youngsters, and draughts and other indoor games go merrily forward. On the walls are bright pictures, many of them of military scenes, as befits the character of the institution.

To show the proficiency of some of the boys in the art of swimming, there is a silver challenge shield hanging in the council-room. It was carried off by boys of the Duke of York's School in a contest with other Chelsea clubs.

A visit to the Duke of York's School suggests many considerations touching our present system of education, and recalls the theories of Goethe as set forth in the second part of "Wilhelm Meister." Some one left his son to be educated in the ideal seminary for youth, and on his return, some time after, he perceived a cloud of dust advancing towards him. It opened, and revealed the figures of youths mounted on horses which they were engaged in breaking. Among the youths was his own son. Horse-breaking had been found to be the pursuit in which he most excelled, and horse-breaker accordingly he had become. The theory may be pushed to extremes; but

one cannot help wishing that there were more elementary schools founded on the model of that of the Duke of York at Chelsea. Here are some 500 children, the sons of private soldiers in the Army. Thrown together in this spacious building, with its excellent sanitary arrangements, its gymnasium, its swimming bath, its schools, its workshops, they are disciplined and drilled into hard-working, self-respecting, obedient youths. They receive, in the way of book-learning, all the knowledge necessary for their rank in life. Their bodies are so exercised and trained that they become stalwart, healthy, active men. They are all taught trades, so that each may choose the pursuit which most attracts him. Their bodies and minds are trained simultaneously; and at fourteen they can start in life as fairly skilful workmen, instead of being merely useless apprentices.

That such a system compares most favourably with that generally pursued in elementary schools, where physical training is acquired at haphazard, and obedience and discipline form no part of the curriculum, needs no demonstration. Some such system as that at the Duke of York's School prevails in the Gordon Boys' Home, in Dr. Barnardo's Home, and in certain industrial schools. But many more such institutions are required, with modifications to fit their pupils for civilian instead of for military life.



DRUMMERS PRACTISING ON WOODEN BLOCKS COVERED WITH LEATHER



THE BAND AT PRACTICE